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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TROUTING

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AN odd, uncertain title. No fish—least of all a trout, so agile, so naïve—would traffic with it. Nevertheless, I have a warmth for my title. Of essence so modern, glancing so widely and scientifically over affairs, of meaning so void,—I have an ecstasy for my title. Permit me to explain my title's meaning.

I do not know at what season of the year the psychological risk of exposure to the fever of fishing is most potent. For myself, I have been always one of those strange, consistent folk—anglers—who thrust unsolicited attentions upon innocent fishes: therefore, I have never felt necessity to fret about contagion. Among other folk you may find victims in every month. In my own body, concerning which alone I may speak with authority, observations have shown a gentle dissolution of resistance taking start the day after Christmas; in fact, annually, on the twenty-sixth of December. The progress of my malady is curious. Doubtless, it is equally curious in other cases. For days, and sometimes weeks, the sufferer presents no arresting change. His eye is limpid; his tread purposeful; his cheek glowing: but the pulse is untrue. There is a tendency to flutter; there is an irresoluteness. The victim is unaware, as are his friends and family, so secret is the inception, that a fever kindles. The man is received as his prosy self. He is neither tended nor advised; a thermometer is not coaxed between his teeth, his wrist is not handled. Soon and imperceptibly the damage is wrought past revocation.

Henceforth there is no accounting for course or progress. It is an individual affair; thus I may be pardoned for introduc-

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ing individual symptoms. But first, I must bring forth the background in which they lodge. (That the afflicted must dwell on himself is a prime indication of the malady.) Be aware, then, I am no dry-land angler. The shoot of intangible lines, the flight of airy flies, the leap of unsubstantial trout—for, indeed, it is with trout I would deal—the purling of unseen streams, all these unrealities rouse me not. I am far from the midwinter fishing in fireside companionship.

And yet—and yet—to put the kindliest face upon them, to admit a little and to deny a lot, to tell everything: how shadowy are the truths of my statements! No boisterous, banquetting fellowship-fisherman am I; but what an incomparable, solitary, imaginative angler! 'Tis my individual symptom. A wintry meadow, storm-harried, a winging crow, a grumbling north wind, a congealed brook, a bending thicket, may any one of them in January bring home to me that I have contracted the fever. Then runs my imagination high; and a bad symptom is that. Unattended, I find myself at gaze into space. How many unearthly trout do I take with freezing fingers! The snow around my feet goes off; the bare woods are metamorphosed; and I am in the murmuring May forest with trout streams making melody.

Such is my January condition. No better can be said of February. Again it is imagination, too flimsy for any test with acid. Let it pass, a mere symptom, a straw in the winds of fancy; but accept as truth that on the twenty-third of March I receive the letter of invitation. The Doctor writes: "Ho! for the River Manistee! Will you join?"

Will I join? I say nothing of this. Deep in a pocket the letter is concealed, a soothing balm, a pricking spur. Ere long my family and friends observe that all is not well with me. The fever comes on openly, and I have two questions to ask of myself.

Why does a man hesitate to go fishing? That is a query quickly answered. Fishermen are men of tender conscience. They know their avocation brings in more pleasure than the stay-at-homes can ever catch. It is their unselfishness, their reluctance to monopolize such a quantity of pleasure that makes a moment's hesitation.

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Why does a man go fishing? There you have a query difficult of reply. The man goes as a bird to its nest, as a flower to the air, as a star to the sky. Do you understand? Oh, do you understand?

"Ho! for the River Manistee!" writes the Doctor. "Will you join? The Lawyer, the Banker, and the Chemist go."

Will I join? On the twenty-fourth day of March I post my acceptance, and on the twenty-ninth of April, after more than four weeks of itching waiting, I shall whisk to the north pine woods.

My dear River Manistee! I see you now, sweet in a gaunt country, your gravel beds dappled with sun, your pools cloaked with shadows, and you intent and mazy: by day a dusky bronze banding the land, by night a mirror palely reflecting stars. Always, I image you bordered by greenery, piped by birds, caressed by the winds, stirred by the trout. I salute you, delectable river!

But was I right, a moment ago, to say four weeks of itching waiting? I do not like the adjective. To itch—the verb is not superior. And yet, what can I do with the dallying month of April? It is no pish! tut! pshaw! to tolerate the joys of anticipation. Those joys incite—and incite. To read the pages of sporting catalogues; to finger tackle in the shops; to cast from a wooden platform at rings in city parks; to overhaul equipment, dragging some down from the garret and plucking some up from the cellar; to inhale, arising from a storage trunk, the subtlest odors of fly dope that magically revive waters and woods of other seasons; to count the dragging, warming days as an urchin calculates until vacation; to endure the ticks of the clock; these things I am forced to undergo. I smart with the joys of anticipation; I have a high fever.

There is no remedy but one, and that is to look backward. Cool or warm, how alleviating is recollection! Here are some pictures of memory:

I am standing hipdeep in midcurrent casting upon the surface of a pool that lies fearsome and dark below a canted cedar. Time after time the flies flick and settle upon the water. As they trail across the pool, I watch the v-shaped wakes and

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hear the river sipping at a stump. I roll the line to the precise, tantalizing spot. Ah! there is happiness in such casting. I am working better than usual, and I have pride in my technique. If no trout accepts skill, at least I may appreciate. Swish, swish! There is a promise below the stump. Swish! and as I turn my eyes once more, out of their corners I glimpse a golden-pink flash under water. Down goes the tip of my rod, twist goes my wrist, and up from the depths runs the galvanic shock. Hooked! Out into midstream surges my beauty, bucking and weaving, fighting like a pirate. Then into the air he bursts vehemently, and I know I have a rainbow. Have? Does the word express temporary or permanent possession? Even now I am too excited to reflect. For upstream he comes relentlessly, and I reel wondrously to check him. At last he turns and bores downcurrent, and when I hinder his going, then into the air he leaps again so cleanly that breathless I behold the splendor of his markings. And he, scanning my determined face, gives vent to wrath, raging and boiling up and down, back and forth, crisscross, askew, awry. Though I am ready with the landing net, he has not come to terms. I have a long breath ahead to hold. When, finally, he permits the meshy embrace, and I look upon this thing of bright colors, so lithe, so courageous, so flushed, it is he who turns conqueror and I the conquered.

And now the sun is peering through the spruce that clothe a hill to the west. One Norway pine, somehow overlooked by the scurrying lumbermen of three decades gone, flings its high, green banner 'gainst the flooding gold light. Over in Bald Hill Swamp the bluejays jeer. I might take the omen, but I am deaf. The sky was never such a blue, the wind of the south never so velvety, the river never scampered so blithely. The day is young, the world is young, and I am youthful. The current swirls to the left to a gorgeous bed of green marsh grass that couches a sprawling tamarack. Beside the green the water is serious with portent. The greedy clutch drags my fluttering flies to the log. I draw them toward me and the line tightens truculently. In Bald Hill Swamp the bluejays are jeering. My rod is bending before a monarch, making profound obeisance. The

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uniting bond dissolves, and royalty is gone. He was the king of the pool. I have thought of him in high noons and midnights, I have seen again the exhibition of the mighty side he vouchsafed, I have wondered how he fares, if he is happy and sleek and fortunate, and—make no mistake—I shall go again to greet him.

This time I cast over a deadhead: there is a revealment of red and white and gold in the brown, secretive depths of the little pool, and then my leader is gone. I look curiously into the water and see nothing. Pondering upon the hasty attachment of leaders to lines, I wade to the bank to bestride a log while I effect repairs. I behold Kalkaska come down the course. Him I tell of the brigand trout. "Watch me," quoth Kalkaska. I watch. One cast—two casts—three casts—zip! the tip of his rod is down; the corners of his mouth are up. Then the rod goes up and the mouth down. "Snagged," laments Kalkaska. "Snagged." He jiggles the bamboo, he moves upstream and downstream gently pulling, he wades as far as he dares into the pool. Finally, beyond all reason, the slack line tightens, and the sulking brigand has at him. And still more beyond all reason, when the brigand is lifted from his realm, there in a corner of his rapacious mouth gleams a mote of color—my Parmachenee Belle fly that he so coveted. And to the fly is my leader. Even a brigand may teach a lesson of careful preparation.

Upon such memories do I reflect during the month of April. They allay and aggravate. Shall I ever forget the picture of my brother standing midleg in black, glossy water and casting into sooty shadows? Behind him, through a screen of pines, smoulders the huge pile of the setting sun, and makes no noise in the burning. Water, sun, and silence, and the unaware figure: how they typify the Northland that forever summons and never dismisses.

One more picture comes to mind. We are fishing the Two Heart River of the Upper Peninsula. We have so few years that we do not know of wading boots but plunge full-clothed into the stream and feel the ice rings creep around our thighs. In ticklish places we balance on logs, and as my youngest

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brother follows us, his gushing shoes twist and he plumps into unsuspected quicksand. "Stay back!" he cries, as we turn, and for a moment while I gaze into his eyes that continue to smile as he struggles from that sucking mess, our spirits seem to touch and to learn each other.

My River Manistee has no quicksands, they tell me. Certain it is I wade the waters confidently. Fair, firm sand and gravel is the bed, and occasionally a scuttled log that provides a thrill if you step into the hole nestling alongside. For larger thrills there are deeper holes at the bends where the current shifts from shore to shore. Here, if your mind be too engaged with your art or with the scenery, a pouring of ice water down your boots will break the spell.

My river is kind. For the better consideration of its charm, it bends like a bow in front of our camp. Along one curve you may see through the tag alders the brown stream fleeting onward. White birches gleam amid the tamaracks of the opposite bank, and picture themselves brokenly. Beside them stand the green spruce, crowding to the water. Dead spars, begrimed with the char of dead fires and softened with the grey of lichens, fling themselves upward in durance until they settle to the patient earth. The water wrenches out from the deep hole at the crossing, lightens to silver, and then darkens to steel, and still liquid glides into the sunny shallows. Again it darkens and twists around the lower curve to vanish in a tangle of cedar. All day and all night the river pursues itself.

I am never weary of studying the varied green that accompanies this pursuit. Always the assembled members of the pines —the cedar with its pressed, branching foliage, the tufted Norway, the lichened tamarack, the gregarious spruce and jack, the commanding white pine, the flat-needled balsam—for me have each their peculiar green. In the strong sunlight of warm May mornings you contemplate the leafing tamarack beside the denser green of the cedar. Beyond will be the opaque, clotted green of the Norway, and the bold blackish green of the balsams, jacks and spruce. There are few white pines; the lumbermen have made their green fade out of the country. On shore the tag alders throw in their varying shades, the white

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birches trim themselves with greening leaves, and a wild cherry tree for variety puts audacious snow upon its branches. In the bare places of the knolls, the leaves of the flowering huckleberry bushes make a yellow-green carpet inviting to the tread.

So inviting that all through the itching month of April I long to find again the pink and white trailing arbutus, and the blue johnny-jump-ups; to harken to the cross-patch kingfisher, the derisive crow and the melodious thrush; to hear the cheery robin—the untamed fellow of the brush, the thundering grouse and the raucous crane. I long to find mushrooms in the wet thicket, of a misting morning to bring pine knots to the camp fire, to listen to the plashing trout, to see the white millers and butterflies floating like patches of paper in the sunlight, to observe the bumble bees heavily blustering, and the devil's darning needles flitting jerkily, and the pinch bugs of nights blundering into circles of light. I could abide mosquitoes and black flies. I long to see deer tracks in the sand. I long to play checkers, to go unshaven, to wear old clothes, to live in a tent. I long for the first summer smell of the pine woods, for the dry aromatics that revive forgotten summers. I long for the machinations of the fly rod. I long to catch a trout, so rebellious to the barb, so startling in the stream, so cool and solid in the hand. I long to admire a brook trout, to muse upon his barred black and olive back, his silvery sides, red dotted, his yellow and white and pink waistcoat—there was never such a waistcoat—to view his full, dark eye and round, coquettish nose, his sturdy, square tail, his ample mouth and dainty teeth. I long to eat a troutlet, rolled in cornmeal, jacketed in yellow through which still appear the red dots, and broiled by myself over the little, noon fire: I long to eat him as a Hoosier strips an ear of corn.

Thus passes in itching the month of April until the twenty-ninth day thereof. At midnight I board a train for the North. In the morning I greet the Doctor, the Lawyer, the Banker, and the Chemist, and to conceal our gnawing longing all day we play the ancient game of hanky-pank. It is a method of evasion, but we cannot escape what goes by the car windows: the bundled country folk, the men and horses earnestly ploughing, the rolling hills, the lush spring wheat, the greeting of the birch

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and pine stumps, towns with lumber mills, and then the first plumes of living pines upstanding in the thin, deceptive rain of the North. Subconsciously, a reiteration goes on within me: I have escaped the city; I have freed myself of men and their opinions; I go trouting. To-morrow will be Maytime in the spring and the opening of the season.

Have you lived the Winter through in a city? Have you stood helpless and seen white snow defiled by smoke? Have you for months opened and closed doors and gone in and out of habitations? Have you heard vans and trolley cars and trains? Have the stars and the sun and the winds been unrelated to you? Then you will understand.

We change cars at Walton Junction. Could there be a more friendly name? The fisherfolk go east and west. In our antiquated smoking and baggage car, natives in envied, negligent dress obscure themselves in the smoke of many tobaccoes and discourse of to-morrow. The train trots down the lumber railroad. We traverse a strip of virgin timber, inviting and terrifying, we pass log cabins and tarpaper shacks, we leave the fields behind. A passenger points out a woodchopper who killed two bears the Saturday preceding. Nimrod worked until four on the railroad, and then, a man of parts, he took up his rifle and set forth on a jaunt. The affable conductor—an angler, you can tell by the feel of him—confirms the tale. Fisherfolk dismount at stations and are greeted with handpumpings and shoulder slappings. With his merry eye upon us, the conductor calls, "Next stop is Riverview!" We see the Farmer and his team awaiting our coming. We see our river, still brown, still clear, still prophetic.

In time I find myself upon a hill top. We have greeted Kalkaska at the camp, our tents are pitched, our beds are made, our tackle is assembled, and the season is not until the morrow. I have penetrated into the western, brooding hills. Atop the highest summit stands a slim-boled white pine guarding the crescent valley. I have climbed the slope and am resting at the feet of the sentinel, gazing over our country. To the rear, the sun tears apart the clouds; to the front, the evergreen floor of the valley flames vividly, a sliver of lake in the eastern ridges

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catches the fire; below me, our white tent tops gleam. I do not know of what I think, but of a sudden I am aware the day is done. To every man in each day under the sky comes the moment announcing the close. Perhaps a vagrant wind fulfils the office, or a lengthened shadow, or the huddled trees, or a calling bird, or the shimmer of the river, or the long lights of the sun. The moment comes as inevitably as the bells ring noon and man is so constituted that he must apologetically ask of himself, as he bids the luminary farewell and faces the night, "What have I done with this day?"

This evening, as I descend the slope to the tents, I have no apology. Can a man be peaceful and apologetic? I cannot. Already the peace of angling is welling up within me; a peace that differs from any in the world. And as I walk I remark how patience comes with angling peace. I look aloft and wonder if the rain will fall or the wind blow on the morrow. Then I ask myself, what matter? I have lain in camp through rainy days and delightedly watched the weltering clouds. The multitudinous pattering on the canvas, the wet breath of the pines, the intensified sounds of the drenched wilderness have solaced me. They will solace me again. I shall have the pleasant cracklings of the fire and the whimsical curlings of the smoke, a pipe and a friend for converse. And if it blows, what odds? I shall listen to the master-strummer who thrums over the arcs of the earth, plucking at the trees as though they were strings, turning vibrant all the air, making of it a tumbling, unseen surf. I shall listen in patience and mark the billowing film of tent, and marvel how thin is the protection against discomfort. When clamor dies out of the sky, and the sun illuminates a glad world, I shall leave shelter, rod in hand, with all the more thanksgiving.

Thus goes a man to his stream. He has experienced the joys of anticipation and of remembrance; he has acquired peace and patience. For him, in the quiet culmination of his fever, there is realization.

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ITALIAN IMPERIALISM

T. LOTHROP STODDARD

FOR Italy's plunge into the European War, many good and cogent reasons have been given: reasons political, economic, ethical even. And yet no one who has carefully followed the prolonged discussion which preceded this decision can fail to remark that there were most emphatically two sides to the question. For every argument in favor of war a pacific counter-argument was promptly adduced. Italy was the scene of violent debates, and the neutralist contentions so impressed foreign observers that a study of the most serious English and French reviews seemed to show a majority of opinions predicting Italy's continued neutrality, however disagreeable this conclusion may have been to the writer's hopes and predilections. As late as the April issue of *The Atlantic Monthly,* Guglielmo Ferrero, while ardently advocating war, was evidently pessimistic as to Italy's final decision.

And yet Italy has not only entered the war, but entered it under circumstances which denote not so much the "psychological moment" of cool-headed statesmen as compliance with an irresistible outburst of Italian public opinion,—at least of that articulate public opinion which knows how to voice its demands and, on occasion, to transfer its arguments from the forum to the barricade. Obviously, mere political and economic arguments are not enough to account for this sudden outburst of popular passion; we are here confronted by one of those psychological "imponderables" which, though so often overlooked, move peoples far more decisively than rationalistic logic and immediate self-interest. To this seeming riddle, however, an analysis of recent Italian political life and literature would seem to give the key. Few persons realize the intensity of the movement which, during the last few years, has been transforming Italian thought. This movement, expansionist and aggressive to the highest degree, calls itself "Nationalism," but is in reality a sublimated Imperialism. True, the movement is not a peculiarly Italian one. The last two decades have witnessed a

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whole series of increasingly acute eruptions of human energy; a world-wide triumph of the dynamic over the static elements of life; a growing preference for violent and revolutionary, as contrasted with peaceful and evolutionary, solutions, running the whole politico-social gamut from "Imperialism" to "Syndicalism," and which history may assign as the fundamental cause of the present world-catastrophe. However, to simplify the problem, we will confine ourselves to Italy and limit our survey to Italian thought and action.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, he would have been a bold prophet who would have predicted the speedy rise of an imperialistic Italy. The inglorious end of the Abyssinian adventure at Adowa (1896) had produced a profound aversion to everything that savored of Imperialism. Italy resolutely fixed her eyes upon home affairs, Crispi was abhorred and expansionists burned what they had once adored. "Work and get rich" was the watchword of the day. Those who felt the need of enthusiasms were humanitarians, Socialists, Anarchists—all, be it noted, cosmopolitan doctrines. Others still had no longer faith in anything except literature. They were dilettanti and decadents. It became the fashion to cultivate one's ego. Hence arose an intransigeant individualist school, the antithesis of the cosmopolitans, but equally remote from imperialist or patriotic doctrines. The spirit of these times is well expressed by Guglielmo Ferrero in his *Il fenomeno Crispi* (1894). Herein the "Fatherland" is held to be the spot where chance has caused a man to be born. To love it with a furious passion, to believe it superior to all others, would be to be lacking in the philosophical spirit. Europe is an assemblage of groups, discordant but non-antagonistic. War appears therefore essentially unnecessary. "For those who have need of an ideal there remain science, abstract studies, art, and Socialism." How strange these words sound to those who read the Ferrero of to-day! They mark well the complete psychological transformation of Italy during the last twenty years.

The first distinct signs of the patriotic revival appeared about 1902. Of course, as in every movement, there had already been isolated protests. Even during the '90's the poet Giosué

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Carducci had vigorously condemned pacifism and Socialism, and had proclaimed the warlike, imperial destiny of Italy, the heir of Rome. But these were only voices crying in the wilderness. Not till 1902 did a group of thinkers gather together to combat the prevailing ideas. These men were mostly savants and littérateurs, the most notable among them being Professors Corradini and Scipione Sighele, the latter just converted from the pessimistic theories of "Latin decadence" so widely proclaimed by the Anglo-Saxon world after the Dreyfus trial and the Spanish-American War, and accepted by many Latins themselves. The early efforts of these apostles of Italian "Nationalism," however, met with scant success. Indifferentism was still rampant. Political life was an affair of groups, cliques, clientèles, coteries. Great problems were dodged in favor of questions of immediate interest, and matters of "business"—too often log-rolling jobberies. Foreign policy was at a discount, and an Italian Premier (Luzzatti) could publicly announce without marked public disapproval that "a nation should sometimes know how to be cowardly." The first Nationalist organ, *Il Regno,* started in 1903, soon died for want of subscribers.

The great European crisis of 1908, culminating in Austria's annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, marks the real awakening of Italian Nationalism. The new teaching now spread like wildfire. Recruits poured in from every hand, among them Gabriele d'Annunzio, whose drama, *La Nave* (*The Ship*), extolling the mediæval might of Venice, appeared in that year. The delirium which seized the audience at the passage "fa di tutti gli Oceani il Mare Nostro!" ("Make of all the oceans Our Sea!"), showed that Italian imperialism was a living reality. Everything conspired to prove this: Socialist votes for army and navy credits in Parliament, quickening of already-existing cultural societies like the *Dante Alighieri* and the formation of new organizations like the Navy League, the African Society, and the Colonial Institute. Nationalist newspapers and reviews multiplied everywhere, their tenor being indicated by such titles as *La Preparazione, La Grande Italia, L'Italia al Estero, Il Mare Nostrum.* Almost every city presently had its review or paper, its students' circle, its lecture forum. The

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Nationalists had begun to create a movement. The seed, sown to the winds, had begun to sprout.

The first-fruits were garnered at the time of the Tripoli expedition of 1911. Early in that year the Nationalists held a congress at Florence, codified their doctrines in a ringing manifesto, established a central organ, *L'Idea Nazionale,* and banded themselves together in a definite body, "l'Associazione Nazionalista." This was not, as has been sometimes asserted, a political party. It was intended to be more a universal leaven with members in all parties. Only those parties deemed "anti-National" were condemned. The new Association's first work was the demand for the immediate seizure of Tripoli. Months before any other political organization demanded such action, the Nationalists were carrying on a campaign of the most violent description. Any opposition to their demands was denounced as treason. Not even the King was spared. "It is my opinion," wrote Professor Corradini, "that the party of the Nation, Nationalism, should then [in case of royal opposition] proceed to very revolutionary action, even against things and persons whom to-day we do not name." When, therefore, in the autumn of 1911, the descent on Tripoli actually occurred, the Nationalist triumph was tremendous. They claimed Lybia as their gift to Italy, and the Italian people, roused as it then was to a veritable delirium of enthusiasm, hailed the Nationalists as prophets and saviours.

Since 1911 it is not too much to say that the Italian people has been steadily nationalized. Every competent foreign observer has noted the tremendous transformation of Italian national psychology since the outbreak of the Italo-Turkish War. "The Italians," writes a keen English critic in the spring of 1914, "have become an imperialistic people." As for Italian comment, Luigi Villari, so well known to the Anglo-Saxon public, and himself by no means an avowed Nationalist, asserts that more important than the acquisition of any colony is "the moral strength which the nation has acquired, the confidence in its army, navy and finance, the sweeping away of the cobwebs of international Socialism and mean-spirited Pacifism. Italians are beginning to feel, in whatever part of the world they may hap-

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pen to be, something of the pride of the Roman citizen. Even the emigrants in foreign lands realize that their position will in the near future no longer be solely that of hewers of wood and drawers of water for alien taskmasters." What the avowed Nationalists think about the matter can be easily judged from their numerous utterances. "Italy since the war," exclaims Scipione Sighele, "is quite another Italy. She has revealed something which before did not exist. Her people vibrate with an enthusiasm at first judged ridiculous. A breath of passion animates all souls; selfish regionalism and class tendencies, vulgar party aspirations which had caught minds narrowed by the utilitarianism of the leaders, have given place as by enchantment (marvellous flowering of the unconscious and profoundly generous popular soul), to a sentiment soft as a caress, terrible as a menace, which is the instinct of the race, the love of country, the desire of a great Will, the voluptuousness of self-sacrifice, which finally puts in all hearts and into all mouths the one cry: 'Italy'! 'Italy'! 'Italy'!"

In view of all this, it would seem highly important to ascertain exactly what are the Nationalist doctrines, policies and purposes. First of all, however, let us sharply distinguish between ordinary patriotism and Nationalism. Patriotism, although love of country, is yet only one sentiment among many others which counteract and sometimes cancel it. But, for the true Nationalist, love of country is an overmastering sentiment. It is his sole discipline, the exclusive aim of his actions. The Nationalist places the "Fatherland" before everything; he conceives, treats, settles all questions primarily in their relation to the national interest. Thus all other interests, individual, family, local, party, class, are absorbed in the general, the national, interest.

To support this thesis Nationalism does not confine itself to the vague appeal of patriotism. It has evolved a body of doctrine as rigid and categorical as the socialism of Marx and Lassalle. Nationalism feels the necessity of justifying scientifically its "National" fashion of looking at everything. Its doctrines are not merely political, they are even more economic and social, with excursions into the domains of history, psychology, metaphysics, even theology.

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Now, first of all, what is the Nationalist concept of the nation? Professor Maraviglia answers as follows: "It is the unique form of truly real solidarity, in time as in space, not only between those who dwell together behind determinated frontiers under a régime of community of language, laws and customs, but also between the generations which spread from the remotest ancestors to the most distant descendants." And Signor Rocco adds: "The national society is the unique social aggregate which maintains interests eagerly, continually, combatted by the other national societies, and which it must defend 'da se,' by its own means; because, above the nation there is no higher society which can give justice to the nation."

This last quotation brings out the Nationalist tenet of the vital function of war as the creative, formative and sustaining principle of national life. The national society is isolated in the midst of other and necessarily hostile societies. Wherefore, —"the struggle for life, a universal law, is the unique source of human and national perfection; war is, after all, the most loyal form of the struggle between two human collectivities, and the most educative for both of them." "The war question," says Professor Sighele, "is, for Nationalists, the primordial question. The warlike virtues are, for us, the primordial virtues." Professor Corradini is "a profound admirer of war, creator of peoples and vigorous men"; "sole hygiene of the world, sole school of sacrifice, unique cause of virtue and heroism." The Italian Nationalists repeat approvingly Anatole France's, "The more I think about it, the less I dare wish the end of war. I fear lest this great and terrible Power may, in disappearing, take away with it the virtues which it has engendered and on which our social edifice still rests to-day. Suppress the military virtues and all civil society crumbles. But, even had this society the power to reconstitute itself on new foundations, the *'Universal Fatherland'* would be too dearly bought at the price of the sentiments of courage, honor, sacrifice, which war keeps alive in the hearts of men." Professor Giorgio del Vecchio thus writes of the "Goodness of War":— "What more salutary purification from all wilfulness and impure passion, what more radical surgeon for egoism, than war? It is,

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before all else, an inner experience, revealing to the individual, suddenly and as by a miracle, his aptitude for self-mastery; this it is which is its true and supreme nature. He who despises death is alone truly worthy of life." It is of especial importance to remember that these and subsequent utterances were all made prior to the outbreak of the European War, and thus reflect Nationalist psychology before it had been stimulated by the great conflict.

However, it is not enough to glorify war and celebrate the military virtues. War must be loved for itself. Says Scipione Sighele: "The military virtues are the primordial virtues. To say 'War is the most horrible of evils——'; 'We should wish for the day when the world will be one great family——'; 'However, if a war should chance to become an unhappy necessity——'; 'We shall never attack, but we shall know how to defend ourselves——'; to say these things is as dangerous as to make out-and-out pacifist and anti-militarist speeches. It is creating for the future a conflict of duties; duties towards humanity, duties towards the Fatherland. Which will prevail in the hour of peril? Doubtless the ones easiest to do."

Furthermore, useful to other nations, war is indispensable to Italy. "Italy is not yet finished," says Corradini; "for lack of a war which could have done it, we must have a war to do it. Italy must have its war; otherwise it will never be a nation. It was formerly a herd of slaves; to-day it is a people, but without war it will never be a nation. The peoples who are now nations became such only by war. And, without war, continuing to be merely a people in the midst of other peoples who are at the same time nations, we shall remain the proverbial pot of clay between the pots of iron." "A great war could alone have mingled its [Italy's] blood, and given it the passion of effort, the sense of duty. Unity was achieved with the help of Europe. Would to Heaven that it had been created against all Europe!" Pacifist protests are met in the following fashion: "'But,' object some, 'the Italian race is not a warlike race.' Only one more difficulty to overcome! Our efforts, all our efforts, will tend precisely towards making it a warlike race. We will give it a new Will, we will instil into it the appetite for

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power, the need of mighty hopes. We will create a religion,—the religion of the Fatherland victorious over the other nations. We will convert our people. Is it the first time that religions have had their converts? And, when every Italian shall be joyously persuaded that he has every chance of dying in war, his mentality will be transformed even in time of peace. Active, daring, adventurous, energetic, he will no longer have as his sole conception an increase of wages or fortune, comfort or enjoyment. His aim will be no longer to live, but to do something by his life."

The repudiation of "pacifism," argue the Nationalists, is nowhere more necessary than in Italy; for, while Italian unity was being achieved, the other nations were appropriating the earth. And yet, what nation is by nature more destined to expansion? Signor Rocco thus develops what may be called the theory of retarded appetites: "Our country is poor, because a part of its soil is sterile and because capital is lacking. But, in return, we are prolific. Hitherto we have had to submit to the injustice of nature, for we were not numerous and the others outnumbered us; we were divided while the others were united. But, to-day, we also are numerous, we also are united, we will soon have overtaken, even surpassed, the others. Consequently, we also claim our place in the sun. The others have conquered first, then labored. We have labored first, often abroad for the foreigner; it remains for us to conquer. It is said that all the other territories are 'occupied.' But there have never been any territories *res nullius*. Strong nations, or nations on the path of progress, conquer, not free territories, but territories occupied by nations in decadence." Indeed, insists the author of the anonymous brochure *Il Nazionalismo,* published like Signor Rocco's book early in 1914, "From the Italian point of view, what is war but armed emigration? The Socialists, who pretend to suppress war, merely transpose its field of action by fomenting the struggle of classes at home. They should understand that, with us, the problem is not the distribution but the augmentation of wealth. And this problem can be solved only by economic or military conquests."

But the future conquests of Imperial Italy are not solely

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military or economic in character. They must be cultural as well. Signor Rocco hopes that Italy will know how to "create a culture peculiar to itself, and to impress in its turn, as already in Renaissance times, as France yesterday, as Germany to-day, its national seal upon the universal intellectual movement." According to Signor Rocco, the radius of Italian effort constitutes a truly far-flung battle line. "We must know how to conduct the struggle against the industrial expansion of Germany, the demographic and linguistic invasion of the Slavs, the capitalism of France, the antipathetic and dangerous brutality of those countries which, according to their selfish interest, repulse or assimilate our emigration." Truly a comprehensive programme.

After all this, it is scarcely necessary to formulate the ultimate Nationalist ideal: "Italy become once more the first nation of the world." Herein appears the deep inner connection between the local phenomenon of Nationalism and the universal phenomenon known as Imperialism. "Before twenty years," wrote Corradini, in 1911, "all Italy will be Imperialist." Also, note this illuminating definition: "Nationalism is the excitant of peoples, either too old or too young, who thereby give themselves a *motif* for becoming strong or recovering their strength. One is a Nationalist while waiting to be able to become an Imperialist—later on."

We have already seen that the Nationalists frankly admit that many changes in the Italian nature must be effected before a race can be produced capable of fulfilling Italy's imperial destiny. They indorse whole-heartedly Massimo d'Azeglio's famous dictum: "Italy is made; we must now make the Italians." But one of the most important pre-requisites for this transformation must be the elimination of foreign influences. The Nationalists, from Giosué Carducci down, bitterly resent Italy's traditional rôle as the world's playground and art museum. Sensible though they are to economic considerations, they consider the golden harvest reaped from travellers as dearly bought by the denationalizing influence of the tourist flood. Some years ago the *Dante Alighieri* took up seriously the effects of the foreign invasion of the Northern Lake Country upon the native

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population and reached somewhat pessimistic conclusions. About the same time the well-known traveller and political writer Vico Mantegazza protested to the Milan city government against the prevalence of shop signs in foreign languages and urged the passage of a municipal ordinance forbidding the practice. Numerous have been the protests against foreign nurses and governesses for the children of the rich, while a movement was started a few years since for national dress-fashions, thus aiming at eliminating the tribute to Paris and encouraging the Italian artistic sense at one and the same time.

However, these are things which must be largely left to the future. Much more pressing is the question of what attitude Nationalism shall adopt toward the existing political parties. We have already seen that, for the moment at least, Nationalism proposes to work as a leaven rather than as a distinct party group. Italian parties are therefore divided by the Nationalists into two categories: those National in tendency and hence to be favored; those Anti-National and hence to be combatted and threatened with disruption.

Toward the great Liberal parties, the Constitutional Right and Left, the Nationalist attitude is aggressive hostility. True, these appear formidable antagonists. Constituting the present parliamentary majority, possessing the machinery of government, heirs of the Risorgimento and Cavour, the contest seems a most unequal one. And yet the Nationalists do not hesitate to attack them in their very citadel. The whole theory of the Liberal State is condemned, as being in essence individualist rather than national, as solving all problems from the standpoint of the individual instead of from that of the State and the nation. Furthermore, it is charged with being a mere echo of French and English ideas. In a speech delivered before the Nationalist Association of Rome early in 1914, Professor Corradini sharply criticised the "ideas of 1789." He observed that, in appropriating these ideas, Italian Liberalism has kept the imprint of a foreign influence. "Italy was freed and unified on the principle of the individualist rights proclaimed in the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Thus we may say that the Italian Revolution was dominated by the French Revolution. Wherefore, Italian

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Liberalism, to-day as yesterday, is incapable of freeing itself from its origins, which are a doctrine of the rights of man rather than the doctrine of the rights of the nation." English Liberalism fares no better. In their report to the Nationalist Congress of Milan, held in May, 1914, Signori Federzoni and Maraviglia thus contrast the English doctrine with the tradition of Machiavelli: "One of England's greatest writers, Macaulay, reproaches Machiavelli with having neglected the principle that societies and laws are made to increase the sum of individual well-being, and with having preoccupied himself with the interest of the State independently of the interest of its component members, or even to their detriment. There you have the pure Individualist logic, which does not see that the national society also has its individuality, or, rather, is the most interesting of individualities!" In the opinion of the author of an anonymous pamphlet, Liberalism is peculiarly unsuited to Italy: "Liberalism, in general, represents the reaction of Individualism against the excesses of the absolutist and theocratic State up to the time of the philosophers of the eighteenth century. However, be it noted, in the other countries of Europe this individualist affirmation had been preceded by three centuries of Nationalist affirmation, whereas Italy, in mid-nineteenth century times, tried to solve the Liberal problem before that of the political organization of the nation."

Furthermore, Liberalism is guilty of another sin in having begotten that detestable offspring Democracy, which, according to Signor Rocco, is "the extreme manifestation of individualism in the domain of politics, that tendency to conceive the State, not as a perpetual and immanent entity athwart the ages, but as the simple representative, nay servant, of the actually existing individuals!" The Nationalist Signor Cappola thus addresses his Liberal opponents: "Look you! We should understand the real meaning of this term Democracy. You seem to think that this word continues to signify the progressive participation of an ever more numerous body of citizens in the life of the nation. That is the classic concept, is it not? Well, I tell you that the reality is quite otherwise. The reality, in Italy (and for that matter in the whole of our contemporary Europe), is

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that by Democracy we mean a state of mind individualist, levelling, anti-clerical, pacifist, anti-militarist, Socialist on occasion, and, above all else, Dissolutionist—therefore anti-National. Such are the facts." This explains why, at the very moment of the adoption by Italy of universal suffrage, the Nationalist press displayed this motto: "Per il Popolo, contro la Democrazia."

Despite the imposing bulk of the Liberal parties, therefore, the Nationalists rather despise than fear them: regarded then as mere amorphous masses, bankrupt of positive ideals, their ultimate disintegration is deemed certain. These are not forces, they are simply ponderous obstacles, and the Nationalists, firm believers as they are in the gospel of force, have the faith that moves mountains. On the whole, there seems much to justify the Nationalist contention. The bulk of the party, both leaders and rankers, come from just those "intellectual" bourgeois and professional classes once the bone and sinew of Liberalism. The recent pronouncement of the Italian middle classes for war, despite the tempting economic advantages of continued neutrality, must be interpreted as a striking victory for Nationalist ideals.

Quite different from the position held toward Liberalism is the Nationalist attitude toward that other political newcomer, the Catholic party, admitted into Italian parliamentary life by the recent removal of the papal "non-expedit." The extension of the vote to Italy's peasant millions by the new universal suffrage law affords this party great political possibilities. Its relations to Nationalism become, therefore, highly significant. At first sight it might seem as though it would be difficult to reconcile two doctrines, one of which imposes absolute submission to the Church while the other proclaims the practical omnipotence of the State. As a matter of fact, however, the reverse appears to be the case. The Nationalists extol Catholicism. "We recognize in Catholicism," says the Nationalist Signor Forgès, "an historical and ideal factor of Italy. We assign to Catholicism a national function, not by making ourselves the champions of a concept rivalling the sovereignty of the State, but in recognizing that Catholicism makes for social conservation at home and expansion abroad. Thus, our eastern policy has been powerfully furthered by the Italian religious orders." And in the 1914

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Congress at Milan, Signori Federzoni and Maraviglia reported: "The state of mind evoked by the religious sentiment predisposes individuals to accept the transcendental element which incontestably forms the base of our doctrine and which can find no echo in the materialistic mind." To these approaches the Catholics have warmly responded. The Catholic deputy Meda lauded the Milan Congress "for not having hesitated to admit what the Liberals have always been ashamed to avow;—that in Italy religious faith is a sort of national cement, a centripetal force which resists all dissolvents." In fact, everything seems to portend a Nationalist-Catholic alliance. Psychologically they have much in common, politically they have the same enemies, while the Roman question has become so academic as no longer to be a practical issue.

The Nationalist attitude toward Socialism is peculiarly significant. To orthodox Marxian Socialism, represented in Italy by the "Regular" Socialist party, the Nationalists are frankly hostile. The reason is plain. Marxian Socialism is not only cosmopolitan by nature, but its Italian manifestation is distinctly democratic and opposed to such instruments of national expansion as army and navy credits, ship subsidies, etc., condemned as "unproductive expenses." But, for the Nationalists, these are just the most "productive" expenses. Socialism protects a class,—and one class only. Its ideal budget would be a budget of charities, for which it would sacrifice nearly all the expenses of general interest. But, according to the Nationalists, "the budget should favor that method of distribution which will assure the greatest national production." The expenses of the State alone really count. A few officials, workmen, peasants, may to-day be a little less well-off, but the citizens of the successful, triumphant Italy of to-morrow will profit an hundred-fold.

However, according to Nationalist judgments, orthodox Socialism has lost its grip. It is to-day an electoral party, its leaders are ambitious parliamentarians. Like the Liberals, it possesses no constructive ideals for the future and hangs on by mere inertia and the advantage of acquired positions. Marxian Socialism is no longer a force, as the Nationalists understand the term. Basing its expectations upon the fulfilment of unescap-

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able natural law, Marxian Socialism is evolutionary, not revolutionary, by nature. It pins its faith on ballots, not bullets. But, since it is not a force, Marxism, like Liberalism, may safely be disregarded. Whatever happens, it may talk much, but will do little.

Very different is the Nationalist attitude toward that recent movement called Syndicalism, known to Americans through the Industrial Workers of the World. With Syndicalism the Nationalists feel hearty respect and sympathy. For Syndicalism, like Nationalism, is based upon the gospel of Force; it is revolutionary, not evolutionary in character; it sticks at nothing to obtain the realization of its ideals. Though usually classed as a mere Socialist off-shoot, it is held by the Nationalists to be something quite new. Says Corradini: "Syndicalism is not, as commonly believed, the quintessence of Socialism, but a revolt against Socialism. Syndicalism is an aristocratic and imperialist movement; it is the proletariat organizing for conquest, aspiring to power by violence." The psychological affinity of the two movements is revealed by the following dictum of the French Syndicalist Georges Sorel, quoted by Italian Nationalists with hearty approbation: "Violence, class struggles without quarter, the state of war *en permanence* not only may usher in the future revolution, but appear to be the only means by which the European nations, besotted with humanitarianism, can regain their pristine vigor." At the outbreak of the Tripolitan war, while the orthodox Socialist leaders denounced the popular enthusiasm as "senseless frenzy," the Syndicalist leader Arturo Labriola approved of "a war destined to develop the country's vitality and its sentiment of heroism." Again, during the months preceding Italy's entrance into the present European conflict, the regular Socialists stood for strict neutrality, the Syndicalists for immediate participation.

The Nationalists do not fear Syndicalism. In their opinion the Syndicalists are merely near-sighted Nationalists, who need only a slightly larger vision. Syndicalism is a partial and incomplete forerunner of the Nationalist revelation. In time the lesser will merge into the greater truth. Says Professor Corradini: "Just as it [Syndicalism] is the proletariat's method

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of redemption from the bourgeois classes, so Nationalism will be for us Italians our method of redemption from the French, the Germans, the North and South Americans, who are our bourgeois. We take up the tale where Syndicalism lays it down. Our action is more vast, more beautiful. Instead of a class, the nation: instead of the bourgeoisie for antagonist, the world."

Now that Italy has definitely entered the war in alliance with England and France against the Teutonic Powers, a discussion of the Nationalist theory of Italian foreign policy may appear somewhat academic. Nevertheless, in view of certain current misconceptions, it seems best to touch upon the point. In the first place, the Nationalists are by no means mere Irredentists. Their eyes have never been fixed solely upon Trentino and Trieste, nor have they considered Austria as Italy's sole potential enemy. Space forbids the elaboration of this point, but a wealth of Nationalist utterances might be adduced. To sum up the matter: the Nationalists, while of course never forgetting Trieste and Trentino, also remember that French Corsica, Nice and Tunis, English Malta and Swiss Ticino are all inhabited by Italian populations. If Austria has dominated the Adriatic, France and England control the Mediterranean. Nationalist colonial aspirations extend far beyond Albania over the East Mediterranean basin. This last is important because the Italian Government here apparently shares in great measure the Nationalist point of view. Italy's refusal to evacuate Rhodes and the other Ægean islands occupied by her during the Tripolitan War has been supplemented by the staking out of a large sphere of influence in South-west Asia Minor and by a markedly aggressive attitude throughout the entire Levant from Smyrna to Alexandria. The insistence of the Italian Government on its eastern policy was revealed by the diplomatic duel between Sir Edward Grey and the late Marquis di San Giuliano during the opening months of 1914.

The Nationalist attitude toward foreign policy is marked by a profound realism. "Our party," says Signor Federzoni, "holds a purely realist and integral valuation of international relations, in absolute antithesis to the sentimental tendencies of

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the old Radical and Republican Irredentism, which looked to the abandonment of the Triplice and the rapprochement of Italy with the parliamentary Powers of the West." And, at the beginning of 1914, he stated in an address before the Catholic University Circle of Rome: "I observe that the Catholics are favorable to the alliance with the empires of Central Europe and sympathetic towards Austria. That is too naïve a viewpoint. It springs from a superficial and partisan admiration for the neighboring monarchy because it is traditionalist and hierarchical. For precisely opposite reasons our democrats are often anti-Triplician and gravitate toward Republican, Masonic and Radical-Socialist France. We repudiate all these *à priori.* Nationalism, in regard to the system of alliances, is inspired only by the positive interests of Italy, without regard to the preferences which its party members may feel for the internal physiognomy of this or that State."

Such being the case, it may be considered that, in so far as the Nationalists represent Italian public opinion, Italy has entered the war primarily with the firm determination to obtain important rewards for her action. What, in Nationalist opinion, these rewards should be, may be judged from the series of articles by the Nationalist deputy Bevione in that leading Italian newspaper *La Stampa* toward the end of the year 1914. They are exceedingly comprehensive in character and would seem to portend friction with the other allied Powers should the Italian Government claim them as the spoils of victory at the close of a successful war.

The outcome of the European War is, indeed, the touchstone, not only of Italian hopes, but perhaps of the Nationalist movement itself. Italian defeat might well be followed by an Anti-Imperialist revulsion akin to that after Adowa, but naturally of much more acute intensity. On the other hand, Italian victory, judging by the consequences of the Tripolitan War, would probably mean such further indorsement of Nationalist ideals as to sweep the Italian people fairly into the ambitious race for world-dominion.

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THE HOME OF THE "HAIRY ONES"

ARNO DOSCH

THE plateau over which we had been walking narrowed down to a promontory jutting out into a shallow sea of fog lying in the valley of the Lys. A French observation balloon floated above it half a mile to the left, and, from down under its cover, came the steady tap-tap-tap of mitrailleuses, a sound exactly like that of rivetting machines on structural iron work. Through the light screen covering the trenched battlefield before us the heavy detonations tore with timed regularity, but all we could see was the wedge of high land dropping away to nothing. Just ahead of us, but under the screen, lay Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

At the break of the soggy hill a company of French infantry appeared out of the mist. All were bearded, all weary, all covered with mud. In their stuck-up condition there would have been something fantastically droll about them, if it had not been for their serious, dog-tired faces. There was not a smile, not a word among them, as they plodded steadily up to us. I thought they were going right on until their captain saluted and stopped beside the smart cavalry officer with me.

"We got into their trenches again last night," the infantry captain remarked in a quiet, unexcited tone. "I lost four men, but I only lost one in the counter-attack." He was a man of fifty, with a grizzled beard and serious grey eyes. When he stopped, his company stopped, and he turned to take them into the conversation as he went on: "It's slow work straightening out that salient."

There was not a comment, not a movement of the head, in the whole company; but each man expressed the toughness of the job with his eyes. Nor did those eyes express anything of the joy of battle. You could see only that it was a tough job and they knew it; but that it had to be done and they were doing it. I cannot say how they conveyed the idea that they were also going to succeed in doing it, but they made that plain, too.

All these impressions they gave without saying a word. They

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did not even speak among themselves. They simply stopped and looked at us, but their eyes showed that they knew exactly what they were doing, and the price in lives they would have to pay, and, somehow, that seemed to make them invincible. Physically they were indifferent, short, stocky men, from whom the spring of youth had entirely gone. Their uniforms, badly fitting in the first place, were pulled out of shape by hard usage. Their trousers, red and grey cloth, and brown corduroy, were plastered with mud. So were their elbows and caps. There was even mud in their beards.

Their captain started on, and they shouldered their rifles and followed. They had given us neither greeting nor farewell; neither a smile nor a frown. But, caught by their silence, we stood and watched them go.

"The poilus," remarked the smart cavalry officer, his voice stretching out the last syllable, as we turned again towards the battlefield. Before us lay the ditches they call trenches, the great holes left by exploded mines, the slimy, slippery sides of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette. "They're taking it," he said, pointing through the mist at the ridged, ditched and muddied fields. "They will take it all, too. The poilus, like that, bumping the Germans out of France, yard by yard."

His tone was not all admiration. There was a bit of contempt in it, too. For he was a regular officer, a professional soldier, and he could not quite accept this unkempt citizen army. "The poilus," "the bristly," "the unshaven," "the hairy ones": you hear the word used in France with so many intonations, but it is never used without affection. Even the professional soldier's tone expressed that. It usually carries a little affectionate contempt with it, too, such as one has for a faithful old dog. The word was first applied to men like those we had just passed, the territorials and the older reservists, because of their straggly beards. Now that all the French army has become bristly and unshaven, the word has stretched a little in its meaning; but still when one says "poilu," one means the territorial, the bearded, nondescript, scrubby-looking soldier—the man who has saved France.

As we went forward we passed more companies of them,

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bearded, muddy, silent. They had just been relieved from the steady, grinding trench fighting, and were going back a few miles to baths, dominoes and rest.

Just before we reached the bottom of the hill the mist lifted higher and I could see for miles across the new wonderland, the battle-line of the trenches. A very disappointing place to look at it is, too, merely ridges of dirt running in all directions over the uneven fields. There was nothing dramatic, nothing even horrible. If there were bodies between the trenches I could not see them, but, for that matter, it is curious how closely a body will nestle into the earth. Only the bursting shells indicated where the French trenches left off and the German began. There was nothing there to thrill, and yet below us lay the most stirring battlefields of the spring, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, Carency, Vermelles, Mt. St. Eloi. Here the Germans had first weakened under the persistent French attack. Here was the first trial of strength, hand to hand, body against body, bayonet clashing against bayonet. Here it was that France first had the feeling that soldier for soldier, man for man, she could push the Germans right out of France. And who had done the attacking? The poilus!

As we kept going forward we entered the trenches as one enters the sea over a long, shelving beach. We crossed a slippery field as fast as we could to avoid the bullets which began zipping about us as soon as we showed ourselves, and, alongside a welcome hedge, we entered a boyau, one of the long shelter-trenches leading from the rear to the fighting trenches. I was too much concerned with the zipping bullets to notice just when our path began sinking into the earth, but we were knee-deep below the level of the fields when I realized where we were going. Then we stepped down half-a-dozen steep, well-made steps, and were completely out of sight. I could see the sky directly overhead, and that was all. Not that I cared, for I was adventuring into a new country, the land of the poilus.

When Alice fell down the rabbit-hole, and found the sides lined with cupboards and book-shelves, she saw nothing more surprising than the home of the "hairy ones." The boyau led straight forward for a mile or more, all chance of monotony being removed by the shells that kept passing overhead. Even

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they had a new sound down there. They seemed to be turning over and over in the air, but they had the same old anger, the vicious, inanimate animosity of all shells. Some of the shrapnel broke overhead, the stinging, bumble-bee bullets kicking mud all over us, so we looked quite at home in the land of the poilus.

All at once we came upon a dent in the side of the trench, and a hole in the dent. Inside was a small chamber, well underground, filled with mitrailleuse and rifle ammunition. Some of the poilus were carrying boxes forward: a healthy, cheerful lieutenant smoking a briar pipe in a dent opposite was keeping a record. He sat humming at his work, and was evidently quite contented. I sat down for a while with him in his block-house, toasting my shins before his charcoal burner, drier and warmer than I had been for several days, and tried to stretch my minutes there into weeks and months. I had just reached the conclusion that this trench warfare was not so bad after all, when two of the poilus passed down the boyau, carying a third on a stretcher between them. He was lying stiffly on his face, his muddy legs and boots stretched stiffly out behind. He still had on his coat, the usual graceless tailed garment which makes the most dashing French soldier look utterly commonplace, and on him it only touched commonplaceness with misery. I never realized before how much difference a badly fitting coat could make. That corpse was grotesque.

A second passed lying on his back, his cap pulled down over his eyes, but his bearded chin bare to the sky. It was thrust forward defiantly, just as it had been caught in the moment of death. His lips were parted, too, as if he were just about to cry out. With the stifled cry in his throat, forever baffled, he was now being carried out to a shallow grave. Perhaps that last cry was to those he left at home. Three months later they would know that he was dead. Then they would accept it bitterly behind closed doors, and face the world with dry eyes. That cry would never pass the tightly-drawn throat. It is hard to forget it struggling for utterance.

There was a third body, and it was almost standing on its head. The soldier who had passed up out of that grotesque had doubled over in terrible pain and grasped at his bowels. But

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there were only fragments and ends of bowels to grasp at, for a piece of hurtling shrapnel shell had torn completely through them. His body had grown rigid in that position and now it would not lie down on the stretcher. It required a third poilu to steady it on the stretcher that two others were carrying. It was difficult to believe that it had ever been a human body. In its ungainly attitude, its legs humped up in the air, its red trousers stiff with mud, it looked like a uniform stuffed with straw. It gave the effect of a scarecrow.

A mean fate that did not even permit the poilus to be dignified in death!

As I went forward, I was under the impression that we were constantly getting deeper into the earth, though we were really passing under level fields. It was we who were getting deeper into the trenches, because we were no longer walking upright. We were close enough now to be in range of the rifle bullets from the German trenches, and they pinged constantly over our heads. There was a ridge of dirt between to protect us, but the unconscious effect on us was to make us lose about a foot apiece in height. A lieutenant who had joined us in the trenches explained that it was just as well to keep our heads below the line of the fields, as the Germans opposite occupied themselves by shooting at the same points in the parapets with reversed bullets until they opened a hole.

The home of the "hairy ones" was an orderly place. Each boyau and each trench was named. The commanders' points of observation were carefully indicated, and the way to all the blockhouses containing ammunition was indicated by arrows.

At the second line of trenches the lieutenant remarked that we were about fifty yards from the Germans. It was a moment of comparative stillness. The rifle shooting seemed to have stopped. There was only the regular tap-tap-tap of the mitrailleuse. This went on mechanically. A dozen rapid shots, and then a rest; another dozen, and a rest again. I was counting them mechanically, when the silence grew so intense close around us that I knew without being told something was about to happen. Coming down the communicating trench behind us was a string of soldiers, and they stopped too. "What is——?" I started

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to ask, and the silence broke. It was shattered, splintered, torn to millions of fragments and driven into my ears. In a second it was over and I was surprised to find myself still on my feet. It was shattered again in another second, and again and again, and there was no more silence at all after that as the rifles took it up and the mitrailleuses changed from a tap-tap to a whir. I looked around at the men in sight and saw that they were passing forward a long, curved, jagged piece of cast iron, a piece of bomb. It had passed over the head of a particularly hairy little poilu. "Brave little shorty," "That's the time you were glad you were not tall," they joked with him, and he grinned and held his hand over his head to show where it had passed.

A zig-zag brought us up to the forward trench. "*Faire feu,*" I could hear before I was really in it, and, even above the racket of rifles, I could hear the clear tone of the commanding lieutenant's voice, "*Feu.*" Over and over this was repeated, the poilus pumping their rifles as steadily as at drill. I forgot then their absurd coats, their murderous trousers, the mud in their beards.

When the order came to stop, we made our way along the trench, past the riflemen stepping down from their firing positions and turning blood-shot eyes on us. They were as grim and silent as ever, but each man looked up and down the line to see if all had escaped the return fire. All had in that trench. In fact the German fire had been light. The French had only opened fire to show the Germans they were in good order and willing to receive a bayonet attack following the trench-bombs. But the Germans were apparently content with the bombs.

"How far are we from the Germans?" I asked the nearest poilu.

"Look," he said, pointing to the loop-hole through which he had been firing.

I would have been perfectly willing to take his word for it, but I gave one hasty look. Just in front there was a stretch of perhaps seventy-five feet of field with new grass springing up, and then the parapet of the first German trench. It would have

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been no trouble at all to throw a rock into the first line of the German trenches.

"Near enough?" laughed the poilu, as I stepped hastily down. I told him it was as near as I wanted to get. "But we shall be nearer soon," he remarked. "For seven months we have been creeping up on them, and they cannot hold us much longer. They were blind when they attacked us. Because they were ready and we were not, they thought they could wipe us out. They did not know whom they were fighting, or they would have realized no Frenchman could rest while a German soldier remained on French soil. We have been winning it all back inch by inch and we will go on winning it back if we have to creep underground and blow up their trenches every twenty yards from here to the Ardennes."

He spoke with a fierce intensity and a volubility that made up for all the silent poilus I had seen that day. The fact that the German soldiers were only seventy-five feet away in their trenches seemed to be neither here nor there. I could imagine them, though I could not even see the point of a helmet, big, blond, well-fleshed young Bavarians, admirable looking soldiers; but they did not seem a menace at that moment. It was they who were menaced. The spirit of the man beside me made me feel that the trench in which I stood was a comparatively safe place. And yet he was only a middle-aged man in a badly-fitting coat and sloppy trousers, and he needed a shave. But, as he spoke, his eyes shone and his jaws squared under the stubble. He was not much to look at, perhaps, but he was a patriot after an American's own heart.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE NEW TORYISM"

WITH COMMENTS BY

ELIHU ROOT

[*As explained in the August number of The Forum, several of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with excessive officialism and the over-development of governmental activity will be republished, with comments by eminent living Americans. Among these contributors will be Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Charles W. Eliot, Judge Gary, Augustus D. Gardner and William Howard Taft.*—EDITOR]

SENATOR ROOT'S COMMENTS

THE writings of Herbert Spencer were so much read and discussed by the generation which is now passing out of active life that, under the laws to which books are subject, the swing of the pendulum has brought a period of comparative neglect by the new generation. He said many true things, however, upon subjects which are always vital, and he said these things with great force and clearness and supported them with admirable reasoning and a wealth of definite, practical illustration. His stimulating influence upon the thought of his own time played a great part in bringing about the more general active interest in public affairs which marks our day, and for that we all owe him a debt of gratitude.

We may not agree with everything that he said; we may find it necessary to modify many of his conclusions, as indeed he did himself during the course of his long life; but we cannot afford to forget what he said, for much of it is directly applicable to the conditions which now exist. New support for many of his positions is to be found in our own recent experience and the evils which he pointed out in the practice of government have become aggravated and plain to all thoughtful students. He was the apostle of the right of individual liberty, limited only by the equal rights of others. He made that the basis of his

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political philosophy. He tested all laws which limited the freedom of the individual by the question whether those laws were necessary to maintain the equal freedom of others. Many of us, I think most of us in America, believe that to be the true principle, the only principle, upon which political ethics can rest securely, and we cannot afford to have our belief become a dead and forgotten faith. He preached the danger in making laws of following the apparent expediency of the moment without regard to political principles and the rules of action which principles demand. He warned his readers of the disastrous failures certain to result from such a course and of the gradual deterioration in character which results from the habit of following the easy path of the expedient and becoming indifferent to sound political principles. Every generation needs to think about these things for itself, and we need to think about them now.

If we apply Spencer's article on *The New Toryism* to the United States, we cannot fail to realize the rapidity with which our social organization has been passing from the régime of contract into the régime of status. If we proceed further to consider the great body of laws which have been enacted in recent years by our national and State legislatures, we shall find that many of them go beyond the limits of power which on sound political principles government ought to exercise in restraint of the liberty of the individual citizen. This subject is of more critical importance for us than it was for England when Spencer wrote; for England was a small and in the main a comparatively homogeneous country with little local diversity of public interests, while with us the process is going on not merely in individual States, but, with continually increasing scope and compulsion, in the national Government; and the nation is of vast extent, with many communities widely differing from each other in their traditions and customs and ideas of conduct. So that through the national Government, if that be not restrained by just limits upon governmental power, the individual American is liable to have his status determined and his liberty restrained and his individual conduct ordered and limited in accordance with the views and wishes of people who live thousands of miles

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away and whose ideas are quite different from those of the community in which he resides. Very serious steps have already been taken towards bringing about that very state of things.

Accordingly I think it would be very useful for the American people to read Herbert Spencer again.

THE NEW TORYISM

MOST of those who now pass as Liberals, are Tories of a new type. This is a paradox which I propose to justify. That I may justify it, I must first point out what the two political parties originally were; and I must then ask the reader to bear with me while I remind him of facts he is familiar with, that I may impress on him the intrinsic natures of Toryism and Liberalism properly so called.

Dating back to an earlier period than their names, the two political parties at first stood respectively for two opposed types of social organization, broadly distinguishable as the militant and the industrial—types which are characterized, the one by the *régime* of status, almost universal in ancient days, and the other by the *régime* of contract, which has become general in modern days, chiefly among the Western nations, and especially among ourselves and the Americans. If, instead of using the word "co-operation" in a limited sense, we use it in its widest sense, as signifying the combined activities of citizens under whatever system of regulation; then these two are definable as the system of compulsory co-operation and the system of voluntary co-operation. The typical structure of the one we see in an army formed of conscripts, in which the units in their several grades have to fulfil commands under pain of death, and receive food and clothing and pay, arbitrarily apportioned; while the typical structure of the other we see in a body of producers or distributors, who severally agree to specified payments in return for specified services, and may at will, after due notice, leave the organization if they do not like it.

During social evolution in England, the distinction between these two fundamentally-opposed forms of co-operation, made its appearance gradually; but long before the names Tory and Whig came into use, the parties were becoming traceable, and their connexions with militancy and industrialism respectively, were vaguely shown. The truth is familiar that, here as elsewhere, it was habitually by town-populations, formed of workers and traders accustomed to co-operate under contract, that resistances were made to that coercive rule which characterizes co-operation under status. While, conversely, co-operation under status, arising from, and adjusted to, chronic warfare, was supported in rural districts, originally peopled by military chiefs and their dependents, where the primitive ideas and traditions survived. Moreover, this contrast in political lean-

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ings, shown before Whig and Tory principles became clearly distinguished, continued to be shown afterwards. At the period of the Revolution, "while the villages and smaller towns were monopolized by Tories, the larger cities, the manufacturing districts, and the ports of commerce, formed the strongholds of the Whigs." And that, spite of exceptions, the like general relation still exists, needs no proving.

Such were the natures of the two parties as indicated by their origins. Observe, now, how their natures were indicated by their early doctrines and deeds. Whiggism began with resistance to Charles II. and his cabal, in their efforts to re-establish unchecked monarchical power. The Whigs "regarded the monarchy as a civil institution, established by the nation for the benefit of all its members"; while with the Tories "the monarch was the delegate of heaven." And these doctrines involved the beliefs, the one that subjection of citizen to ruler was conditional, and the other that it was unconditional. Describing Whig and Tory as conceived at the end of the seventeenth century, some fifty years before he wrote his *Dissertation on Parties,* Bolingbroke says:—

> "The power and majesty of the people, and original contract, the authority and independency of Parliaments, liberty, resistance, exclusion, abdication, deposition; these were ideas associated, at that time, to the idea of a Whig, and supposed by every Whig to be incommunicable, and inconsistent with the idea of a Tory.
>
> "Divine, hereditary, indefeasible right, lineal succession, passive obedience, prerogative, non-resistance, slavery, nay, and sometimes popery too, were associated in many minds to the idea of a Tory, and deemed incommunicable and inconsistent, in the same manner, with the idea of a Whig."—*Dissertation on Parties,* p. 5.

And if we compare these descriptions, we see that in the one party there was a desire to resist and decrease the coercive power of the ruler over the subject, and in the other party to maintain or increase his coercive power. This distinction in their aims—a distinction which transcends in meaning and importance all other political distinctions—was displayed in their early doings. Whig principles were exemplified in the Habeas Corpus Act, and in the measure by which judges were made independent of the Crown; in defeat of the Non-Resisting Test Bill, which proposed for legislators and officials a compulsory oath that they would in no case resist the king by arms; and, later, they were exemplified in the Bill of Rights, framed to secure subjects against monarchical aggressions. These Acts had the same intrinsic nature. The principle of compulsory co-operation throughout social life was weakened by them, and the principle of voluntary co-operation strengthened. That at a subsequent period the policy of the party had the same general tendency, is well shown by a remark of Mr. Green concerning the period of Whig power after the death of Anne:—

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"Before the fifty years of their rule had passed, Englishmen had forgotten that it was possible to persecute for differences of religion, or to put down the liberty of the press, or to tamper with the administration of justice, or to rule without a Parliament."—*Short History,* p. 705.

And now, passing over the war-period which closed the last century and began this, during which that extension of individual freedom previously gained was lost, and the retrograde movement towards the social type proper to militancy was shown by all kinds of coercive measures, from those which took by force the persons and property of citizens for war-purposes to those which suppressed public meetings and sought to gag the press, let us recall the general characters of those changes effected by Whigs or Liberals after the re-establishment of peace permitted revival of the industrial *régime,* and return to its appropriate type of structure. Under growing Whig influence there came repeal of the laws forbidding combinations among artisans as well as of those which interfered with their freedom of travelling. There was the measure by which, under Whig pressure, Dissenters were allowed to believe as they pleased without suffering certain civil penalties; and there was the Whig measure, carried by Tories under compulsion, which enabled Catholics to profess their religion without losing part of their freedom. The area of liberty was extended by Acts which forbade the buying of negroes and the holding of them in bondage. The East India Company's monopoly was abolished, and trade with the East made open to all. The political serfdom of the unrepresented was narrowed in area, both by the Reform Bill and the Municipal Reform Bill; so that alike generally and locally, the many were less under the coercion of the few. Dissenters, no longer obliged to submit to the eccesiastical form of marriage, were made free to wed by a purely civil rite. Later came diminution and removal of restraints on the buying of foreign commodities and the employment of foreign vessels and foreign sailors; and later still the removal of those burdens on the press, which were originally imposed to hinder the diffusion of opinion. And of all these changes it is unquestionable that, whether made or not by Liberals themselves, they were made in conformity with principles professed and urged by Liberals.

But why do I enumerate facts so well known to all? Simply because, as intimated at the outset, it seems needful to remind everybody what Liberalism was in the past, that they may perceive its unlikeness to the so-called Liberalism of the present. It would be inexcusable to name these various measures for the purpose of pointing out the character common to them, were it not that in our day men have forgotten their common character. They do not remember that, in one or other way, all these truly Liberal changes diminished compulsory co-operation throughout social life and increased voluntary co-operation. They have forgotten that, in one direction or other, they diminished the range of governmental

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authority, and increased the area within which each citizen may act unchecked. They have lost sight of the truth that in past times Liberalism habitually stood for individual freedom *versus* State-coercion.

And now comes the inquiry—How is it that Liberals have lost sight of this? How it is that Liberalism, getting more and more into power, has grown more and more coercive in its legislation? How is it that, either directly through its own majorities or indirectly through aid given in such cases to the majorities of its opponents, Liberalism has to an increasing extent adopted the policy of dictating the actions of citizens, and, by consequence, diminishing the range throughout which their actions remain free? How are we to explain this spreading confusion of thought which has led it, in pursuit of what appears to be public good, to invert the method by which in earlier days it achieved public good?

Unaccountable as at first sight this unconscious change of policy seems, we shall find that it has arisen quite naturally. Given the unanalytical thought ordinarily brought to bear on political matters, and, under existing conditions, nothing else was to be expected. To make this clear some parenthetic explanations are needful.

From the lowest to the highest creatures, intelligence progresses by acts of discrimination; and it continues so to progress among men, from the most ignorant to the most cultured. To class rightly—to put in the same group things which are of essentially the same natures, and in other groups things of natures essentially different—is the fundamental condition to right guidance of actions. Beginning with rudimentary vision, which gives warning that some large opaque body is passing near (just as closed eyes turned to the window, perceiving the shade caused by a hand put before them, tell us of something moving in front), the advance is to developed vision, which, by exactly-appreciated combinations of forms, colors, and motions, identifies objects at great distances as prey or enemies, and so makes it possible to improve the adjustments of conduct for securing food or evading death. That progressing perception of differences and consequent greater correctness of classing, constitutes, under one of its chief aspects, the growth of intelligence, is equally seen when we pass from the relatively simple physical vision to the relatively complex intellectual vision—the vision through the agency of which, things previously grouped by certain external resemblances or by certain extrinsic circumstances, come to be more truly grouped in conformity with their intrinsic structures or natures. Undeveloped intellectual vision is just as indiscriminating and erroneous in its classings as undeveloped physical vision. Instance the early arrangement of plants into the groups, trees, shrubs, and herbs: size, the most conspicuous trait, being the ground of distinction; and the assemblages formed being such as united many plants extremely unlike in their natures, and separated others that are near akin. Or still better, take the

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popular classification which puts together under the same general name, fish and shell-fish, and under the sub-name, shell-fish, puts together crustaceans and molluscs; nay, which goes further, and regards as fish the cetacean mammals. Partly because of the likeness in their modes of life as inhabiting the water, and partly because of some general resemblance in their flavors, creatures that are in their essential natures far more widely separated than a fish is from a bird, are associated in the same class and in the same sub-class.

Now the general truth thus exemplified, holds throughout those higher ranges of intellectual vision concerned with things not presentable to the senses, and, among others, such things as political institutions and political measures. For when thinking of these, too, the results of inadequate intellectual faculty, or inadequate culture of it, or both, are erroneous classings and consequent erroneous conclusions. Indeed, the liability to error is here much greater; since the things with which the intellect is concerned do not admit of examination in the same easy way. You cannot touch or see a political institution: it can be known only by an effort of constructive imagination. Neither can you apprehend by physical perception a political measure: this no less requires a process of mental representation by which its elements are put together in thought, and the essential nature of the combination conceived. Here, therefore, still more than in the cases above named, defective intellectual vision is shown in grouping by external characters, or extrinsic circumstances. How institutions are wrongly classed from this cause, we see in the common notion that the Roman Republic was a popular form of government. Look into the early ideas of the French revolutionists who aimed at an ideal state of freedom, and you find that the political forms and deeds of the Romans were their models; and even now a historian might be named who instances the corruptions of the Roman Republic as showing us what popular government leads to. Yet the resemblance between the institutions of the Romans and free institutions properly so-called, was less than that between a shark and a porpoise—a resemblance of general external form accompanying widely different internal structures. For the Roman Government was that of a small oligarchy within a larger oligarchy: the members of each being unchecked autocrats. A society in which the relatively few men who had political power, and were in a qualified sense free, were so many petty despots, holding not only slaves and dependents but even children in a bondage no less absolute than that in which they held their cattle, was, by its intrinsic nature, more nearly allied to an ordinary despotism than to a society of citizens politically equal.

Passing now to our special question, we may understand the kind of confusion in which Liberalism has lost itself: and the origin of those mistaken classings of political measures which have misled it—classings, as we shall see, by conspicuous external traits instead of by internal natures.

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For what, in the popular apprehension and in the apprehension of those who effected them, were the changes made by Liberals in the past? They were abolitions of grievances suffered by the people, or by portions of them: this was the common trait they had which most impressed itself on men's minds. They were mitigations of evils which had directly or indirectly been felt by large classes of citizens, as causes to misery or as hindrances to happiness. And since, in the minds of most, a rectified evil is equivalent to an achieved good, these measures came to be thought of as so many positive benefits; and the welfare of the many came to be conceived alike by Liberal statesmen and Liberal voters as the aim of Liberalism. Hence the confusion. The gaining of a popular good, being the external conspicuous trait common to Liberal measures in earlier days (then in each case gained by a relaxation of restraints), it has happened that popular good has come to be sought by Liberals, not as an end to be indirectly gained by relaxations of restraints, but as the end to be directly gained. And seeking to gain it directly, they have used methods intrinsically opposed to those originally used.

And now, having seen how this reversal of policy has arisen (or partial reversal, I should say, for the recent Burials Act and the efforts to remove all remaining religious inequalities, show continuance of the original policy in certain directions), let us proceed to contemplate the extent to which it has been carried during recent times, and the still greater extent to which the future will see it carried if current ideas and feelings continue to predominate.

Before proceeding, it may be well to say that no reflections are intended on the motives which prompted one after another of these various restraints and dictations. These motives were doubtless in nearly all cases good. It must be admitted that the restrictions placed by an Act of 1870, on the employment of women and children in Turkey-red dyeing works, were, in intention, no less philanthropic than those of Edward VI., which prescribed the minimum time for which a journeyman should be retained. Without question, the Seed Supply (Ireland) Act of 1880, which empowered guardians to buy seed for poor tenants, and then to see it properly planted, was moved by a desire for public welfare no less great than that which in 1533 prescribed the number of sheep a tenant might keep, or that of 1597, which commanded that decayed houses of husbandry should be rebuilt. Nobody will dispute that the various measures of late years taken for restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors, have been taken as much with a view to public morals as were the measures taken of old for checking the evils of luxury; as, for instance, in the fourteenth century, when diet as well as dress was restricted. Everyone must see that the edicts issued by Henry VIII. to prevent the lower classes from playing dice, cards, bowls, etc., were not more prompted by desire for popular welfare than were the acts passed of late to check gambling.

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Further, I do not intend here to question the wisdom of these modern interferences, which Conservatives and Liberals vie with one another in multiplying, any more than to question the wisdom of those ancient ones which they in many cases resemble. We will not now consider whether the plans of late adopted for preserving the lives of sailors, are or are not more judicious than that sweeping Scotch measure which, in the middle of the fifteenth century, prohibited captains from leaving harbor during the winter. For the present, it shall remain undebated whether there is a better warrant for giving sanitary officers powers to search certain premises for unfit food, than there was for the law of Edward III., under which innkeepers at seaports were sworn to search their guests to prevent the exportation of money or plate. We will assume that there is no less sense in that clause of the Canal-boat Act, which forbids an owner to board gratuitously the children of the boatmen, than there was in the Spitalfields Acts, which, up to 1824, for the benefit of the artisans, forbade the manufacturers to fix their factories more than ten miles from the Royal Exchange.

We exclude, then, these questions of philanthropic motive and wise judgment, taking both of them for granted; and have here to concern ourselves solely with the compulsory nature of the measures which, for good or evil as the case may be, have been put in force during periods of Liberal ascendency.

To bring the illustrations within compass, let us commence with 1860, under the second administration of Lord Palmerston. In that year, the restrictions of the Factories Act were extended to bleaching and dyeing works; authority was given to provide analysts of food and drink, to be paid out of local rates; there was an Act providing for inspection of gas-works, as well as for fixing quality of gas and limiting price; there was the Act which, in addition to further mine-inspection, made it penal to employ boys under twelve not attending school and unable to read and write. In 1861 occurred an extension of the compulsory provisions of the Factories Act to lace-works; power was given to poor law guardians, etc., to enforce vaccination; local boards were authorized to fix rates of hire for horses, ponies, mules, asses, and boats; and certain locally-formed bodies had given to them powers of taxing the locality for rural drainage and irrigation works, and for supplying water to cattle. In 1862 an Act was passed for restricting the employment of women and children in open-air bleaching; and an Act for making illegal a coal-mine with a single shaft, or with shafts separated by less than a specified space; as well as an Act giving the Council of Medical Education the exclusive right to publish a Pharmacopœia, the price of which is to be fixed by the Treasury. In 1863 came the extension of compulsory vaccination to Scotland, and also to Ireland; there came the empowering of certain boards to borrow money repayable from the local rates, to employ and pay those out of work;

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there came the authorizing of town-authorities to take possession of neglected ornamental spaces, and rate the inhabitants for their support; there came the Bakehouses Regulation Act, which, besides specifying minimum age of employés occupied between certain hours, prescribed periodical lime-washing, three coats of paint when painted, and cleaning with hot water and soap at least once in six months; and there came also an Act giving a magistrate authority to decide on the wholesomeness or unwholesomeness of food brought before him by an inspector. Of compulsory legislation dating from 1864, may be named an extension of the Factories Act to various additional trades, including regulations for cleansing and ventilation, and specifying of certain employés in match-works, that they might not take meals on the premises except in the wood-cutting places. Also there were passed a Chimney-Sweepers Act, an Act for further regulating the sale of beer in Ireland, an Act for compulsory testing of cables and anchors, an Act extending the Public Works Act of 1863, and the Contagious Diseases Act: which last gave the police, in specified places, powers which, in respect of certain classes of women, abolished sundry of those safeguards to individual freedom established in past times. The year 1865 witnessed further provision for the reception and temporary relief of wanderers at the cost of ratepayers; another public-house closing Act; and an Act making compulsory regulations for extinguishing fires in London. Then, under the Ministry of Lord John Russell, in 1866, have to be named an Act to regulate cattle-sheds, etc., in Scotland, giving local authorities powers to inspect sanitary conditions and fix the numbers of cattle; an Act forcing hop-growers to label their bags with the year and place of growth and the true weight, and giving police powers of search; an Act to facilitate the building of lodging-houses in Ireland, and providing for regulation of the inmates; a Public Health Act, under which there is registration of lodging-houses and limitation of occupants, with inspection and directions for lime-washing, etc., and a Public Libraries Act, giving local powers by which a majority can tax a minority for their books.

Passing now to the legislation under the first Ministry of Mr. Gladstone, we have, in 1869, the establishment of State-telegraphy, with the accompanying interdict on telegraphing through any other agency; we have the empowering a Secretary of State to regulate hired conveyances in London; we have further and more stringent regulations to prevent cattle-diseases from spreading, another Beerhouse Regulation Act, and a Sea-birds Preservation Act (ensuring greater mortality of fish). In 1870 we have a law authorizing the Board of Public Works to make advances for landlords' improvements and for purchase by tenants; we have the Act which enables the Education Department to form school-boards which shall purchase sites for schools, and may provide free schools supported by local rates, and enabling school-boards to pay a child's fees, to compel parents to send their children, etc., etc.; we have a further Factories and Workshops

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Act, making, among other restrictions, some on the employment of women and children in fruit-preserving and fish-curing works. In 1871 we meet with an amended Merchant Shipping Act, directing officers of the Board of Trade to record the draught of sea-going vessels leaving port; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, making further restrictions; there is a Pedlars Act, inflicting penalties for hawking without a certificate, and limiting the district within which the certificate holds as well as giving the police power to search pedlars' packs; and there are further measures for enforcing vaccination. The year 1872 had, among other Acts, one which makes it illegal to take for hire more than one child to nurse, unless in a house registered by the authorities, who prescribe the number of infants to be received; it had a Licensing Act, interdicting sale of spirits to those apparently under sixteen; and it had another Merchant Shipping Act, establishing an annual survey of passenger steamers. Then in 1873 was passed the Agricultural Children's Act, which makes it penal for a farmer to employ a child who has neither certificate of elementary education nor of certain prescribed school-attendances; and there was passed a Merchant Shipping Act, requiring on each vessel a scale showing draught and giving the Board of Trade power to fix the numbers of boats and life-saving appliances to be carried.

Turn now to Liberal law-making under the present Ministry. We have, in 1880, a law which forbids conditional advance-notes in payment of sailors' wages; also a law which dictates certain arrangements for the safe carriage of grain-cargoes; also a law increasing local coercion over parents to send their children to school. In 1881 comes legislation to prevent trawling over clam-beds and bait-beds, and an interdict making it impossible to buy a glass of beer on Sunday in Wales. In 1882 the Board of Trade was authorized to grant licenses to generate and sell electricity, and municipal bodies were enabled to levy rates for electric-lighting: further exactions from ratepayers were authorized for facilitating more accessible baths and washhouses; and local authorities were empowered to make bye-laws for securing the decent lodging of persons engaged in picking fruit and vegetables. Of such legislation during 1883 may be named the Cheap Trains Act, which, partly by taxing the nation to the extent of £400,000 a year (in the shape of relinquished passenger duty), and partly at the cost of railway-proprietors, still further cheapens travelling for workmen: the Board of Trade, through the Railway Commissioners, being empowered to ensure sufficiently good and frequent accommodation. Again, there is the Act which, under penalty of £10 for disobedience, forbids the payment of wages to workmen at or within public-houses; there is another Factory and Workshops Act, commanding inspection of white lead works (to see that there are provided overalls, respirators, baths, acidulated drinks, &c.) and of bakehouses, regulating times of employment in both, and prescribing in detail some constructions

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for the last, which are to be kept in a condition satisfactory to the inspectors.

But we are far from forming an adequate conception if we look only at the compulsory legislation which has actually been established of late years. We must look also at that which is advocated, and which threatens to be far more sweeping in range and stringent in character. We have lately had a Cabinet Minister, one of the most advanced Liberals, so-called, who pooh-poohs the plans of the late Government for improving industrial dwellings as so much "tinkering"; and contends for effectual coercion to be exercised over owners of small houses, over land-owners, and over ratepayers. Here is another Cabinet Minister who, addressing his constituents, speaks slightingly of the doings of philanthropic societies and religious bodies to help the poor, and says that "the whole of the people of this country ought to look upon this work as being their own work": that is to say, some extensive Government measure is called for. Again, we have a Radical member of Parliament who leads a large and powerful body, aiming with annually-increasing promise of success, to enforce sobriety by giving to local majorities powers to prevent freedom of exchange in respect of certain commodities. Regulation of the hours of labour for certain classes, which has been made more and more general by successive extensions of the Factories Acts, is likely now to be made still more general: a measure is to be proposed bringing the employés in all shops under such regulation. There is a rising demand, too, that education shall be made gratis (*i. e.,* tax-supported), for all. The payment of school-fees is beginning to be denounced as a wrong: the State must take the whole burden. Moreover, it is proposed by many that the State, regarded as an undoubtedly competent judge of what constitutes good education for the poor, shall undertake also to prescribe good education for the middle classes—shall stamp the children of these, too, after a State pattern, concerning the goodness of which they have no more doubt than the Chinese had when they fixed theirs. Then there is the "endowment of research," of late energetically urged. Already the Government gives every year the sum of £4,000 for this purpose, to be distributed through the Royal Society; and, in the absence of those who have strong motives for resisting the pressure of the interested, backed by those they easily persuade, it may by-and-by establish that paid "priesthood of science" long ago advocated by Sir David Brewster. Once more, plausible proposals are made that there should be organized a system of compulsory insurance, by which men during their early lives shall be forced to provide for the time when they will be incapacitated.

Nor does enumeration of these further measures of coercive rule, looming on us near at hand or in the distance, complete the account. Nothing more than cursory allusion has yet been made to that accompanying compulsion which takes the form of increased taxation, general and

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local. Partly for defraying the costs of carrying out these ever-multiplying sets of regulations, each of which requires an additional staff of officers, and partly to meet the outlay for new public institutions, such as board-schools, free libraries, public museums, baths and washhouses, recreation grounds, &c., &c., local rates are year after year increased; as the general taxation is increased by grants for education and to the departments of science and art, &c. Every one of these involves further coercion—restricts still more the freedom of the citizen. For the implied address accompanying every additional exaction is—"Hitherto you have been free to spend this portion of your earnings in any way which pleased you; hereafter you shall not be free so to spend it, but we will spend it for the general benefit." Thus, either directly or indirectly, and in most cases both at once, the citizen is at each further stage in the growth of this compulsory legislation, deprived of some liberty which he previously had.

Such, then, are the doings of the party which claims the name of Liberal; and which calls itself Liberal as being the advocate of extended freedom!

I doubt not that many a member of the party has read the preceding section with impatience: wanting, as he does, to point out an immense oversight which he thinks destroys the validity of the argument. "You forget," he wishes to say, "the fundamental difference between the power which, in the past, established those restraints that Liberalism abolished, and the power which, in the present, establishes the restraints you call anti-Liberal. You forget that the one was an irresponsible power, while the other is a responsible power. You forget that if by the recent legislation of Liberals, people are variously regulated, the body which regulates them is of their own creating, and has their warrant for its acts."

My answer is, that I have not forgotten this difference, but am prepared to contend that the difference is in large measure irrelevant to the issue.

In the first place, the real issue is whether the lives of citizens are more interfered with than they were; not the nature of the agency which interferes with them. Take a simpler case. A member of a trades' union has joined others in establishing an organization of a purely representative character. By it he is compelled to strike if a majority so decide; he is forbidden to accept work save under the conditions they dictate; he is prevented from profiting by his superior ability or energy to the extent he might do were it not for their interdict. He cannot disobey without abandoning those pecuniary benefits of the organization for which he has subscribed, and bringing on himself the persecution, and perhaps violence, of his fellows. Is he any the less coerced because the body coercing him is one which he had an equal voice with the rest in forming?

In the second place, if it be objected that the analogy is faulty, since

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the governing body of a nation, to which, as protector of the national life and interests, all must submit under penalty of social disorganization, has a far higher authority over citizens than the government of any private organization can have over its members; then the reply is that, granting the difference, the answer made continues valid. If men use their liberty in such a way as to surrender their liberty, are they thereafter any the less slaves? If people by a *plébiscite* elect a man despot over them, do they remain free because the despotism was of their own making? Are the coercive edicts issued by him to be regarded as legitimate because they are the ultimate outcome of their own votes? As well might it be argued that the East African, who breaks a spear in another's presence that he may so become bondsman to him, still retains his liberty because he freely chose his master.

Finally if any, not without marks of irritation as I can imagine, repudiate this reasoning, and say that there is no true parallelism between the relation of people to government where an irresponsible single ruler has been permanently elected, and the relation where a responsible representative body is maintained, and from time to time re-elected; then there comes the ultimate reply—an altogether heterodox reply—by which most will be greatly astonished. This reply is, that these multitudinous restraining acts are not defensible on the ground that they proceed from a popularly-chosen body; for that the authority of a popularly-chosen body is no more to be regarded as an unlimited authority than the authority of a monarch; and that as true Liberalism in the past disputed the assumption of a monarch's unlimited authority, so true Liberalism in the present will dispute the assumption of unlimited parliamentary authority. Of this, however, more anon. Here I merely indicate it as an ultimate answer.

Meanwhile it suffices to point out that until recently, just as of old, true Liberalism was shown by its acts to be moving towards the theory of a limited parliamentary authority. All these abolitions of restraints over religious beliefs and observances, over exchange and transit, over trade-combinations and the travelling of artisans, over the publication of opinions, theological or political, &c., &c., were tacit assertions of the desirableness of limitation. In the same way that the abandonment of sumptuary laws, of laws forbidding this or that kind of amusement, of laws dictating modes of farming, and many others of like meddling nature, which took place in early days, was an implied admission that the State ought not to interfere in such matters; so those removals of hindrances to individual activities of one or other kind, which the Liberalism of the last generation effected, were practical confessions that in these directions, too, the sphere of governmental action should be narrowed. And this recognition of the propriety of restricting governmental action was a preparation for restricting it in theory. One of the most familiar political truths is that, in the course of social evolution, usage precedes law; and

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that when usage has been well established it becomes law by receiving authoritative endorsement and defined form. Manifestly then, Liberalism in the past, by its practice of limitation, was preparing the way for the principle of limitation.

But returning from these more general considerations to the special question, I emphasize the reply that the liberty which a citizen enjoys is to be measured, not by the nature of the governmental machinery he lives under, whether representative or other, but by the relative paucity of the restraints it imposes on him; and that, whether this machinery is or is not one he shared in making, its actions are not of the kind proper to Liberalism if they increase such restraints beyond those which are needful for preventing him from directly or indirectly aggressing on his fellows—needful, that is, for maintaining the liberties of his fellows against his invasions of them: restraints which are, therefore, to be distinguished as negatively coercive, not positively coercive.

Probably, however, the Liberal, and still more the sub-species Radical, who more than any other in these latter days seems under the impression that so long as he has a good end in view he is warranted in exercising over men all the coercion he is able, will continue to protest. Knowing that his aim is popular benefit of some kind, to be achieved in some way, and believing that the Tory is, contrariwise, prompted by class-interest and the desire to maintain class-power, he will regard it as palpably absurd to group him as one of the same genus, and will scorn the reasoning used to prove that he belongs to it.

Perhaps an analogy will help him to see its validity. If, away in the far East, where personal government is the only form of government known, he heard from the inhabitants an account of a struggle by which they had deposed a cruel and vicious despot, and put in his place one whose acts proved his desire for their welfare—if, after listening to their self-congratulations, he told them that they had not essentially changed the nature of their government, he would greatly astonish them; and probably he would have difficulty in making them understand that the substitution of a benevolent despot for a malevolent despot, still left the government a despotism. Similarly with Toryism as rightly conceived. Standing as it does for coercion by the State *versus* the freedom of the individual, Toryism remains Toryism, whether it extends this coercion for selfish or unselfish reasons. As certainly as the despot is still a despot, whether his motives for arbitrary rule are good or bad; so certainly is the Tory still a Tory, whether he has egoistic or altruistic motives for using State-power to restrict the liberty of the citizen, beyond the degree required for maintaining the liberties of other citizens. The altruistic Tory as well as the egoistic Tory belongs to the genus Tory; though he forms a new species of the genus. And both stand in distinct contrast with the Liberal as

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defined in the days when Liberals were rightly so called, and when the definition was—"one who advocates greater freedom from restraint, especially in political institutions."

Thus, then, is justified the paradox I set out with. As we have seen, Toryism and Liberalism originally emerged, the one from militancy and the other from industrialism. The one stood for the *régime* of status and the other for the *régime* of contract—the one for that system of compulsory co-operation which accompanies the legal inequality of classes, and the other for that voluntary co-operation which accompanies their legal equality; and beyond all question the early acts of the two parties were respectively for the maintenance of agencies which effect this compulsory co-operation, and for the weakening or curbing of them. Manifestly the implication is that, in so far as it has been extending the system of compulsion, what is now called Liberalism is a new form of Toryism.

How truly this is so, we shall see still more clearly on looking at the facts the other side upwards, which we will presently do.

NOTE.—By sundry newspapers which noticed this article when it was originally published, the meaning of the above paragraphs was supposed to be that Liberals and Tories have changed places. This, however, is by no means the implication. A new species of Tory may arise without disappearance of the original species. When saying, for instance, that in our days "Conservatives and Liberals vie with one another in multiplying" interferences, I clearly implied the belief that while Liberals have taken to coercive legislation, Conservatives have not abandoned it. Nevertheless, it is true that the laws made by Liberals are so greatly increasing the compulsions and restraints exercised over citizens, that among Conservatives who suffer from this aggressiveness there is growing up a tendency to resist it. Proof is furnished by the fact that the "Liberty and Property Defence League," largely consisting of Conservatives, has taken for its motto "Individualism *versus* Socialism." So that if the present drift of things continues, it may by and by really happen that the Tories will be defenders of liberties which the Liberals, in pursuit of what they think popular welfare, trample under foot. *

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HONORABLE WAR

J. WILLIAM LLOYD

WAR has been attacked from many standpoints. It has been declared incompatible with Christianity, with Socialism, with Humanitarianism; there are even those who have attacked it from the viewpoint of business, though others declare it the legitimate child and inevitable offspring of modern business and economic competition. But strangely enough, there is one very obvious standpoint from which, so far as I know, war has never been assailed.

I believe I am correct in saying that so far in the history of the world no one has essayed to show that the military profession, as we have it, is condemned by the Code of the Gentleman.

Yet nothing is more self-evident. It can be demonstrated with the greatest ease. Nevertheless it has been everywhere assumed and tacitly admitted that the profession of arms was peculiarly that of the gentleman.

The Code of the Gentleman has come down to us as a legacy from the Age of Chivalry. It has been a model for centuries. Everybody knows it. Its requirements are more clear and definite than those of Christianity, or of Socialism, and less disputed.

Not quite undisputed, it is true. Thus it always has been a point in dispute whether the ideal gentleman should treat his social inferiors as gentlemen and ladies, or as beings outside his code. Although the consensus of decision has been in favor of the larger and more generous view, we may very well waive this point in the discussion and consider only the gentleman's relation to his undisputed equals. Again, while it has always been admitted that gentlemen may fight, it has always been held that the fighting must be according to the code duello, that is, strictly fair and equal. It is true that in some countries the code duello has now fallen under legal and quasi-social censure; nevertheless it is still everywhere held that *if gentlemen do fight, they must fight as gentlemen;* that is honorably, equally, without base advantage or deception, with scrupulous, fastidious

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fairness. This ruling applied to the duelling ground, to the prize ring, to all races, games of chance or hazard, competitions or disputes whatever. To stoop to trickery or any unfair advantage is to be a cad, and this ruling stands to-day, as it always has. The bully, the cheat, is no gentleman.

It is everywhere held that the gentleman must not be a coward.

It is everywhere held that the gentleman's word must be inviolate—he must speak the truth—especially must he not lie to save himself or to take advantage.

Everywhere it is held that the gentleman must always and everywhere be chivalrous, the defender and protector of womanhood in knightly errantry. To take advantage of a woman, to injure a woman, is doubly damned. And this logic applies to children and all the weak.

Briefly, then, a gentleman must be brave, he must speak the truth, he must never take advantage, he must fight fairly, he must protect the weak.

Of course a gentleman must be dignified and courteous; but though to-day these are given an abnormal prominence as proofs of the gentleman, they were in olden times hardly considered or mentioned, so inevitably were they supposed to proceed from and accompany the essentials.

The undisguised contempt of the old-time gentleman for trade, so largely glossed over and ignored nowadays, did not proceed, as is so often assumed, from any snobbishness on the gentleman's part, but from a very clear perception that all competitive trading is based upon lies, cheating and taking advantage, is essentially and inevitably unfair, and is therefore an impossible profession for a gentleman to touch. That was why the gentleman had to be a landed proprietor or to engage in some of the gentlemanly professions. This was sound, as far as it went; but the astounding thing is that it was not perceived that war, as it has always been carried on between different nations, is exactly like trade, a competition requiring trickery, lying, bullying and all unfairness, and therefore something which no gentleman can touch.

International diplomacy, as heretofore carried on, which is

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really a part of war, precedes all war and is its first step and cause, is also a profession impossible to the gentleman, because it is peculiarly a business of lies, flattering, fawning, cheating, intrigue and taking advantage, until the situation becomes unbearable and open war is declared.

These truths, once stated, are so self-evident that they hardly need argument to sustain them. It has always been known and undisputed that diplomats were liars, schemers, tricksters, trying to win an underhand advantage. It has always been acknowledged that in war, as heretofore known and carried on, every possible advantage would be taken of the enemy. Nor can it be urged, as a dodge, that the gentleman, who is always an officer, is mainly opposed in battle by privates who are not gentlemen. In the first place the gentleman is not always an officer, but may be a private; and in the second place wars are declared between kings or presidents, undisputedly gentlemen and equals and responsible for the whole thing, and, thirdly, the officer, as a gentleman, faces not merely a mob of privates, but is opposed to another officer, another gentleman. Practically speaking, the privates do not exist at all, but are all parts and members of some officer, who directs their every movement and is altogether responsible for them. Just as, under the old laws, the slave was a part of the master, who would resent any injury offered as an attack upon him, and the wife was a part of the husband, and could not be insulted or injured without responsibility to him; so is the relation of the private to his officer. The war is between the gentlemen officers, and the privates are but weapons wielded by them. By no possibility can this truth be evaded.

It has always been recognized and admitted that the spy was no gentleman, and was acting dishonorably, and it has always been the custom to placate the code in a hypocritical way by hanging the spy, when caught, as a hapless scapegoat; but this too is a trick utterly unworthy of gentlemen, utterly unfair, because the spy is always connived at, assisted, and usually ordered and directed by officers on the side he assists, who conspire with him, receive his messages and reward him, and who as his accomplices are equally or more guilty, and these "gentlemen" can

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in no way evade their responsibility for his offence. They are all cads together.

In all wars it is the endeavor to crush or overawe an inferior force by a superior one, or by superior or irresistible weapons. This is unfair, this is to act as a bully, this is to dishonor the code.

In all wars it is the custom to take advantage, wherever possible, of the enemy by feints, stratagems, ambuscades, secret mines, night attacks, by any and every lie, deceit, cheat, surprise imaginable except a very few which "civilized" nations have agreed to forgo, and even these agreements are very shaky and apt to be disregarded. All this is to act unworthily as gentlemen and utterly impossible to defend. It would not pass even in the prize ring, at the gaming table, on the race track.

Leaving out of the question all actual rapes of womanhood, all direct thefts and murders of non-combatants (because, though all these do accompany all wars and it is known that they inevitably will, they are at least nominally condemned and forbidden), it is certain that in all wars, as now conducted and as always conducted heretofore, women will be horribly terrified, will be shot and torn by missiles, or will be driven from their homes and subjected to dreadful losses and frightful mental and physical anguish; and not only women, but children, old men, non-combatants, the weak and innocent of all and every kind. Therefore all our wars are unchivalrous; and this too can in no way be evaded or denied.

No gentleman on the duelling ground would think of wearing bullet-proof armor or of using a pistol or rapier in any way superior to that given to his opponent; yet when he becomes an officer in war he unblushingly uses forts, earthworks, armored ships, and tries always to outclass his enemy's armament.

But why go on? The proofs are all on the surface and everybody has seen them, though by a strange paradox of psychological abstraction nobody seems to have seen them. The standards of war and trade are the same and each uses every unfair advantage. Suffice it to say that every soldier of to-day is a coward, a bully, a cheat, a liar, unchivalrous to women and the weak, by

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every necessity of his profession. He is not and cannot be a gentleman.

But let no one suppose that in this article I am trying to reform the gentleman's code so that no gentleman will fight. I am asking for no reforms or changes whatever in the code. I am standing strictly by the code as it is and has always been, asking only that it shall be consistent and purge out all hypocrisy and everything inconsistent with itself. I want the gentleman to be utterly and fastidiously a gentleman, a knight pure and without reproach, or else acknowledge himself a cad and a vulgarian.

I do not ask to reform the gentleman so that he will not go to war, but I do ask that war be so reformed that a gentleman can be a warrior—an impossibility to-day.

How can this be done? Very simply. A gentleman should blush to ask the question, because the gentleman's code already contains all necessary and explicit guidance. Go back to the Code Duello—what was honorable and fair for two men is honorable and fair for all men; simply make war between nations honorable and fair and fit for gentlemen. If humanity has decided, and it seems it has, that certain questions can only be decided satisfactorily by deadly battle and the drawing of blood, then let us as gentlemen decide how the fight can be equal and noble and worthy of high-minded men.

This might be done in many ways, but I will sketch one possible method. War, to be fair, must be so arranged that any nation, however small, could fight any nation, however great, on equal terms. That goes without saying. Let us suppose, then, that each recognized nation on earth selects one hundred gentlemen to be its army and fighting force. No nation is so small that it could not do this. Let all nations agree on a common weapon, of equal quality, size, shape, pattern, deadliness; made by the same manufacturer for all alike. Let the manual of arms, tactics and method of fighting be the same for all. Whatever the weapon, it must not be one that could by any possibility accidentally injure non-combatants witnessing or near the conflict. Therefore all fire-arms and missile-weapons must be barred. Let us suppose the weapon chosen is the sword.

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It has always been the gentleman's weapon, and if this were chosen, "the arbitrament of the sword" would not be an empty phrase. And let a board and jury of judges be chosen, one from each nation, to witness, referee and decide all contests, with this exception, that in any given contest the judges belonging to the nations engaged, being interested parties, should have no vote or voice in the matter. And let a common, international battle-ground be chosen, on some island, or in some remote, desert place, far from the centres of human life. Surgeons, nurses, and seconds to be chosen by each nation to attend to its fighting men. Spectators should be freely admitted to view all battles, except that children should be barred, and perhaps it would be more chivalrous to exclude women.

Two nations have disagreed. All negotiations have failed and it has been decided that only the ordeal of battle can prove the right. One hundred men from each nation are drawn up, facing each other. The seconds have fastidiously paired them off so that as far as may be they are equal in youth, size, weight, skill, as well as in weapons. All have shaken hands, affirmed that they have no personal animosities to settle, all have declared themselves satisfied with the fairness of all arrangements.

At a given signal the battle is on. Swords flash or redden with blood, spectators cheer, encourage, sigh, or are transfixed by the thrilling sight. Each couple fights by itself and until one antagonist is killed, disabled, disarmed, or has surrendered. There is no mêlée.

When the round is concluded, the slain are borne away, the wounded are attended, the disarmed are declared defeated and withdrawn, unless the enemy permits them to rearm and remain, and the judges confer and agree on points.

The battle has been sanguinary. One side has lost in killed, wounded, disarmed, seventy-five men; the other side has fifty men left. From the fifty men the seconds select twenty-five as fair opponents of the remnant on the other side, and the other twenty-five are told to stand aside. Again the battle closes, and at its conclusion the balance has shifted and the minority side in the first round has now a majority of survivors, ten against five. Some on both sides are slightly wounded, but are permitted to

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fight again on their own request, the surgeons concurring. Matched again as fairly as possible, another round is fought, and now only two remain able to swing a blade and these fight to a finish.

Had the judges entirely agreed they would now announce their decision, but as they have disagreed on some minor points, they have a week within which to come to a conclusion. If no agreement is reached, then the battle may be fought over again, until a unanimous decision is given. Once the judgment is given, as all involved are gentlemen and honorable men, there is no appeal from the verdict. Nor can any war be fought over again in less than one year's intervening.

Now here is honorable war. No lies, cheats, bullying, braggadocio; no unfair weapons or unfair fighting; no sneaking or skulking, hiding behind breastworks or armor plate; no masked batteries, sniping from tree-tops with smokeless powder and silenced rifles, blowing up from below with mines or submarines; no attacking of sleeping men in the dark; no dropping of bombs on helpless men from the gentle skies; no damage to property, art-treasures, homes, manufactures, agriculture, commerce, travel; no starvation or inflated prices; no navies or vast menacing armies of useless soldiers; no war taxes, except the infinitesimal sum required to finance such a battle between two hundred volunteer gentlemen as I have described; and no women brought to sorrow except those intimately related to the handful of men engaged. Yet there has been real fighting, real bloodshed, perhaps real killing, and Mars has been propitiated.

Of course the killing is not a necessary consequence. It can be intentionally avoided. By wearing masks, armor, or arranging weapons, rules, etc., alike on both sides, killing could be ruled out or made impossible, or a defeat to the killer. Single-sticks or foils could be substituted for real swords with an equally decisive conflict. In fact any non-missile weapon might be substituted. Clubs would probably be considered too vulgar for gentlemen, and while fists might be popular with Anglo-Saxons and Celts, they would never be accepted by the rest of the world; but what about canes or whips? It has always been as common and popular for gentlemen to carry canes and whips as swords,

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and it perhaps takes a hardier and rarer courage to face blows from a whip than cuts from steel. The defeated party could then, without metaphor, be properly described as "whipped," "beaten," and "thrashed," and yet there might be but little bloodshed, or serious wounding, and death would be improbable and could be counted against the side inflicting it.

At any rate, here is a method indicated by which war may be made as decisive a test of national and personal hardihood, courage and manliness as now, as decisive of victory or defeat as now, and yet be absolutely honorable and fair; and the way, and the only way, is shown by which it can be touched by a gentleman.

TO RUPERT BROOKE

CHARLES VALE

I KNOW there came to you, so soon to die,
A poignant sense of what must needs befall:
For well they hear, who answer beauty's call;
Though they are deaf, whom beauty passes by.
Now, as you dreamed and told us, you shall lie
Within some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England: sword and shield
Are buried, but beneath an English sky.

In truth your heart, all evil shed away,
(Scant evil you shall answer for to God!)
Is now a pulse in the eternal mind.
And it shall beat through many an English May
And throb through many an English autumn wind:
For you still live, O Dust beneath brown sod!

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ENEMY'S CHILD

CHARLOTTE HOLMES CRAWFORD

MAIS, Madame, do not let them write it down "*de père inconnu.*" "Father unknown" is mother dishonored. Say rather "enemy's child."

How, Madame? If I am willing for *le Gouvernement* to take this Thing when it comes? What should I do with it, this Enemy's Brat? It is not mine. A woman bears her children *à son homme à elle.* This child is not mine.

Oui, Madame, last night they brought me here on the road of iron with the wounded. I worked in the fields, I helped with the sick and buried the dead until my time was drawing near.

A little while more and I shall bring forth a monster, half French and half Enemy. Two heads it will have and two hearts, for never those two can make one.

Quel âge, Madame? Ten months ago I was nineteen—nineteen, and betrothed to Mathieu. Now I am old, old, and Mathieu—do you see this, here on the cord around my neck? That is what they gave me when I went for news of Mathieu. A great basketful of them and another and another. A harvest from the Marne. They searched in one and gave me this, Mathieu's number. Mathieu, *un numéro! Voilà tout!* The river has taken him away.

Oui, Madame, *notre village.* It has no need now to be—how do they say?—deleted by M'sieu le Censeur. Shall a heap of rubbish bear a name? There is nothing more. Only ashes and débris and stupid, gaping walls. All, all gone. And of Mathieu,—*rien que ça.*

Que voulez-vous? It is for France.

Dost thou hear that, thou Enemy's Brat?

The church—ah, Madame, you should see. The Holy Virgin in her niche was untouched. They say she hid her face when the first shell struck. She was good to our village. For so many years the crops were good. This year even—but this crop was not in.

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Combien, Madame? My father, my mother, I and Charlot. There were two between, but *le bon Dieu* was kind to them. They died before.

Charlot was twelve, Madame. He was a good boy. M'sieu le Curé said he was a good boy. But bold, Madame. We spoiled him, we others. We thought there was no boy like Charlot.

Charlot! Charlot!

My mother laid him in my arms when he was but an hour old. "*V'là ton affaire,*" she said.

Ah, Madame, to have a little brother to care for, it is almost better than to have a son. It was only yesterday that I taught him to walk. Yesterday—a thousand years—it is the same.

They came to our village as to the others. They took M'sieu le Maire, and said they would kill him if anyone in the village did not instantly obey.

We were frightened. Had we not seen the poor people? Oh, *les pauv' gens!* Had we not heard the cries and the shooting in the dark? For every shot, a life. We were still.

We kept in our house. The hours went by until we thought we should go mad with the tramping. Was the whole world come to France? At last, Charlot ran out. My father shouted to him, but he leaped through the door and was gone.

"An instant, to see," he called back.

He did not come and he did not come. All three, we went to find him.

And then——

"*Mélie! Mélie!*"

It was Charlot's voice, calling me. I saw him running toward me, and—he had no hands. Charlot had no hands.

At last, we stopped the bleeding. Then They came, demanding to eat. One stood by the bed where Charlot was lying.

"If the Prussians had done this in 1870," he said in French, "there would not be so many *sacré* Frenchmen left to fight now."

They went through our house. They found the gun, old

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and rusty, which *mon grandpère* had carried in 1870. We had hidden it, but they found it.

One said, looking at Charlot:

"At least, thou wilt not use it, thou."

And Charlot—ah, Madame—he was but a child, and we had spoiled him—looked at his bloody bandages and smiled.

"*Ma foi, M'sieu l'Ennemi,* I can learn to shoot with the feet."

Madame, they took him out. They held us bound to watch. They stood him up against the house—so little, ah, he looked so little standing there. . . . Once he cried out: "Mélie!" Shall I ever forget? Mélie! It was like when he was *tout petit* and afraid in the dark. Then he sobbed:

"*C'est pour la patrie.*"

Yes, Madame. They shot him.

Charlot! Charlot!

The next day—was it?—I do not know. The days all ran together after that. Some one had fired, they said, fired a shot for France. They overran the village, shooting, burning, and——

Ah, *mon père!*

When they seized me, he hurled a stone.

That time, they used the bayonet.

I did not know any more for a long time. The good sisters found me and kept me in the cellar of the convent till I was well again.

Then first of all I thought of my mother.

I went back to the village,—*non,* Madame, I will be kind. You shall not hear. Such things are not to hear. *Moi, j'ai vu.* I found my mother. With a little stick, she was poking in the ashes where our home had been. She did not know me.

Day by day, I brought her food, the little that I could find. Then, one day, the wall—there was one left standing—fell down and crushed her. I pulled away the stones from her, but she was dead. I set a stone at her head and another at her feet. They came from our fireplace. My little crucifix I laid upon her breast and I made the sign of the cross over her and said my prayers. I pray the Saviour will forgive her

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the last sacrament. If not, Seigneur, I swear, those last days, I would take for them a thousand years of purgatory. Jésus, let them pass for hers.

Ah, Madame, when I found that I had conceived!

I ran to the Holy Mother where she stood unharmed in her niche. I knelt down among the stones and broken glass. Before I had never seen her so clearly. Always in the dim light of candles and the colored windows. Now she was all light, sunlight.

Madame, I prayed to her to let me do the forbidden thing. I told her all why, so many reasons why.

"A sign, give me a sign, Holy One," I prayed.

A long time, I waited. The clouds were passing, one by one, away from the sun. It was one clear day in the long wet. Sometimes she was in shadow, sometimes bright. At last, I swear it, she shook her head.

"It is for France," I cried, and waited again.

There was no answer, though I waited long. But she had shaken her head. The Holy Mother had shaken her head.

The Medical Corps found me wandering and starving.

"Thou art strong. Thou canst help."

So I did, Madame. Sometimes I helped with the wounded, sometimes I buried the dead.

Always among the enemy dead and wounded, I kept looking, for I thought:

"If I find him, the ravisher, maybe they will not need to write it down '*de père inconnu*.'"

But I did not know him, Madame. How should I? There was not only one.

So I said to the Hate-Thing within me:

"When I look on him, leap Thou, that I may know."

One day, I saw Them sliding by in the distance, except for their moving, like a piece of the plain behind Them. Only here and there the sun on their helmets.

Then a red hate sprang up between me and Them. I spat toward Them. They marched like one creature. They were one creature—one Devil, the Enemy.

And the Hate-Thing within me gave a great leap!

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Then I knew it was not the child of one, but of all—Enemy's Child.

And I made up a song of rejoicing over their dead which I buried. When I was alone I sang it aloud. When I was not alone, it sang itself in me.

"Blood pooling our furrows to-day—
Enemy's blood:
Fair green crops in our fields to-morrow!
Lie there, little Enemy, fatten our fields!"

Was I mad? I do not know. It sang itself in me.

And often I laughed how they thought to conquer. Can French fields bear alien crops? Not though they are sown thick with enemy slain!

And the Hate-Thing within me grew and grew, and with it my hate. But the Holy Mother had shaken her head. Mary, forgive me that I murdered it many a day in my heart!

Mon Dieu, to have travail for an Enemy's Brat!

Mon Dieu, how the night is long till the morrow!

Oui, Madame, the paper. Bring it and I will sign it. Enemy's Child shall be *Gouvernement's* Child.

Au revoir, Madame. *Priez pour moi!*

* * * * *

Mais non, Madame, I cannot. He has the eyes of Charlot. On my arm they laid him, and I look at him for the first time, and his eyes, they are Charlot's. How can I give him up?

Tell *Gouvernement* I will be French for two.

Can a French field bear an alien crop?

Ah, Madame, love is stronger than hate. My love has conquered my hate. And something soft and small in the crook of my arm and the tug of little lips at my breast. . . .

Ah, see, he opens them, the eyes of Charlot. *Mon fils à moi!*

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WITH WALT WHITMAN IN CAMDEN

Horace Traubel

March 4, 1889

W. "You know my personal love for Emerson, and what I assume was his personal love for me, naturally stirs my curiosity—makes me wonder how far I survived in his good graces. He lived up there in a world preëminent for its literariness—for its worship of respectable divinities: it must have made him sick: it drove him back into his shell: he lacked in the capacity for reaction, which becomes the only weapon fitted to cope efficiently with that malign influence." W. said he had for "long years been impelled to run the gauntlet of the vilest lies, slanders, ruffianism." He said: "That stuff must have been dinned into Emerson's ears: the enemy were everywhere—in all the cities: but Boston seemed to be their chief outlet—will probably always have the honor of that: Lowell, probably, being the chief of staff in that army of the devil." He laughed. "But even the devil should have his due: God forbid that I should make light of the devil." I said to W.: "You had aftertalks with Emerson: was nothing ever said that would throw any light on this question?" W. replied: "Nothing in words, but his manners were an affirmation: he always seemed to me to be saying: 'It's all right: we understand each other': that, no more, as if anything more concrete would have been supererogation, as probably it would. It never occurred to me to ask why or whether: it was not my disposition to peek into his consciousness and try to have him say under some prickings from me what he was not ready to say without provocation."

* * *

Bucke asked W. how he took the inauguration. W. said he had been reading about the Cabinet—"especially about Blaine." "I think Harrison a rather conservative, rather quiet, man: he may need such a fellow as Blaine to give sparkle to things. I do not think Harrison regrets the bad day: he has other worries, nervousness: a man placed as he is is in a nest of hornets." As to Blaine: "I cannot forget that he contains streaks of the poser, the schemer: he is not big enough for his job: America

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is getting very great, very big: needs another kind of butter to spread its bread over with." I said: "Yes: but it's natural: there's no moral issue dividing the nation just now. But don't you think it's time there was?" He readily said: "Time and more than time: but where's the man? Where's the issue?" I asked: "Don't you think that if we can't see them before our faces we should hunt them?" He said: "I suppose you're right: we should hunt them. Presidents, Congresses, won't hunt them."

MARCH 7, 1889

I said: "One of the papers which does not like the President comes out and says his inaugural speech shows signs of the handiwork of James G. Blaine and Walt Whitman!" I thought he would laugh. He didn't. He was grave and vehement in rebuttal. "Ah! I can assure you I consider that no compliment: of all documents ever issued from the presidential office I consider that inaugural address the other day the most gassy, diffused: if I were called on to give Harrison a name I should call him the Gas President: it seems to me the whole affair is nothing but gas—gas ever more gassy." He added: "The address is typical of the man—just like him: there will be a fight: remember that I prophesied it: there will be a fight: I have no doubt the address is Harrison's solely—that Blaine had no hand in it: it's just such a temperance thing as would be written by such a man: he's a Sunday School deacon, a Bible class man: a Presbyterian: one of the fellows who takes up the collection." Why did he feel so sure there was to be a fight? "Well: I'll tell you: Blaine is a man of some power: for instance, he did not write that inaugural because whatever he is not, he is direct: the message is nothing, on the contrary, but vapid generalities, diffusednesses: Blaine is a man disposed to lead: he will not consent to take a back seat—a second place: Harrison, while the deacon—and I am in doubt whether a second rate man (probably a third or even a fourth or fifth rater)—is for his part still convinced that he should lead. He is the actual President: why shouldn't he lead? That will produce the clash. Oh! I haven't the first iota of an expectation: I anticipate nothing from this

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narrow gauge Administration. As to John Wanamaker: he is a man naturally repugnant to me: if he gives us a good postal service (it's quite likely he will) I shall not growl." I asked: "Walt, you talk as if you *might* have expected something of this Administration: do you really expect anything of any conventional political President?" He said: "Repeat that." I did so. He then paused. Finally: "Well—when you put it to me so straight as that I'll answer you straight: no, I don't: I don't expect anything essential." I went on: "If that's so, hasn't the time come for another kind of politics or no politics at all?" He said: "You've got that down pat: I have to say yes."

MARCH 11, 1889

I told W. that in a letter to me Stedman called him "laureate." This seemed to amuse him greatly. But Bucke kicked. "It's a hell of a word!" he cried: "It's ill-suited: it's abhorrent: what use have democrats for a laureate? It might go very well on the other side, but here—well, it's wholly foreign, alien, discordant." W. said his view was regulated by the man. "When they offered the title to Carlyle he said no, it was not for him: he refused it: I accept in Tennyson not only the laureate but the baron: I always feel sure of Tennyson. Tennyson and Emerson are very much alike in that one respect: all that they do, say—everything—holds naturally together, needs no adjustment, is automatically harmonic. You remember the Lessing story? It always seemed to me very deep: very, very. Lessing said, the Laocoon in the hands of the sculptor has his mouth half open—and that is right: in the hands of the poet has his mouth wide open and bellows like a bull—and that is right too: so it seems to me, Carlyle was right, Tennyson was right. And then Tennyson has always been such a friend to the Queen—a personal friend: he could not have refused her: more than that, Mrs. Tennyson wanted it." W. here spoke of the Queen: "We are indebted to her and Albert for so much: America, you and I." I shook my head. He said: "I supposed you'd raise your radical eyebrows again as you have before, but I stand by my statement." I told W. a story. Ingersoll was lecturing

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in Philadelphia. He made some comparison between Victoria and George Eliot—the one as mock and the other as real queen. An Englishman in the audience got up, mad, and asked: "Do I understand you to cast a slur on Queen Victoria?" Ingersoll at once replied: "Has it come to this, that we cannot compare a woman to a queen?" and so forth. It was a brilliant outburst. The Englishman retired from the hall. W. was delighted with the incident. "It illustrates several types of mind—especially the positive divergence between the democratic and the monarchical spirit."

MARCH 12, 1889

W. said: "The accounts have not been exaggerated: the truth was worse than the stories of it—far worse." Were Southern prisons worse than Northern prisons? "Yes, unquestionably." I said: "For one thing, they plead their poverty." W. said: "They were poor—but that is no explanation at all: none at all: they starved, maltreated, our men, as such things were never known on this side of the water." He said that similar stories from Europeans were told of the vendetta—of massacres, etc.—none of them exceeding the barbarism expressed in Southern prisons. What was the cause? I said: "It's a labor cause." He said: "Elaborate that." I said: "Negro slavery was really labor slavery—wage slavery: an upper class attitude towards the laborer generally, white and black." He said: "Now I see what you mean: yes, I'm afraid that's likely to be the truth." I said: "Of course this applies North as well as South, though more South." W. said: "You know of Mosby's guerrillas—men who would run a knife through the wounded, the aged, the children, without compunction." Then: "In the South they have what they call a chivalry: a toplofticality: it is not a real chivalry—not by a damn sight: what men may call the moral toplofticality that belongs to the North: there is a distinct difference: they are behind the North: anyone can see it—behind it at least a generation. They will evolve—but will they ever catch up? We must do them justice—not let this obscure the beautiful traits: but you have no idea, Horace,

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how really fiendish the disposition of the South towards a foe is likely to be: it's hard lines there to be anybody's enemy."

* * *

MARCH 14, 1889

He described the "lay-out" of Washington. "It is curious how little is known of that—the reasons why: it is almost lost—the history of it. I have been told the story a number of times by old men—I have a penchant for hunting up the old roosters, having their stories from the farthest back possible. Their stories seemed wonderfully to agree—seemed plausible. It may have been put into print—somewhere probably was—but I have never seen it." He pushed his chair back, took up his cane, indicated the Capitol: then "the radiating avenues—the grand avenues—and they are grand: laid out liberally, wide, starting out so, from the centre like the spokes of a wheel—the initialled streets, A and on, and the numbered streets, crossing the Avenues. The early fellows—Washington, Jefferson—brought over an engineer, a topographical engineer, one of the military engineers, who had been in the rubs between the people and the aristocrats in France." This man had "so set the ways of Washington that troops could be massed at the Capitol, or sent from it, at a moment's notice." It was all so clearly arranged. "Washington is one of the easiest—perhaps the easiest—city in the Union to understand, to learn to get about in." To my description of the first glimpse of the Capitol: "yes, it is grand—vast: it sits so proudly on the top of the hill!"

MARCH 15, 1889

Bucke spoke of something as "a miracle." W. said: "Miracles are dangerous affairs, Maurice." B.: "You may not be a believer in miracles, Walt, but you are a worker of miracles." W. said: "You are a liberal interpreter, Maurice: you construe me far beyond what I am or could be—far beyond what I want to be." Yet he also said: "What greater miracles than the telegraph, telephone—all the wonderful new mechanism of our day?" At the same time he said he always "wanted to be 'quoted against the theological miracles.'" Bucke's insistence that there was a background for it all, W. said, did "not explain the case." W. added: "The whole miracle

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dogma business has been swung as a club over the head of the world: it has been a weapon flourished by the tyrannical dynasties of the old world—dynasties murderous, reeking, unscrupulous, barbarous: they have always tried to justify their crimes by an assumed divine grant of some sort. I have often wondered about the Greeks—how much of their mythology they really believed: it looks to me as if their gods, like other gods, were mostly used not for liberation but oppression: the gods intervened, but often in mean, despicable, poisonous, dastardly ways, to blind, to paralyze, to afflict, rather than to bless. Think of Mercury sent forth by Jupiter. It was oftener a bad, unscrupulous angel than a curer of souls—the inflicter rather than the healer of wounds. The people have always suffered: they have always been the victims of their gods."

MARCH 16, 1889

"I read a story years ago—a French story, by a great humorist, who pictured the return of Christ, his going from one Christian church to another—Catholic, Protestant—everywhere finding his name used, nowhere finding his life lived—the pulpits, pews, ceremonies, all being new to him. That is very profound: it applies as well to one religion as to another."

* * *

"Ingersoll has become known as the apostle of negation: that damns him in many eyes: there are silly fool people who regard him as a sort of anti-Christ: he has of course never been rightly understood except by the few: but the question after all is whether he does not affirm more than he denies." I said: "Take his supposed denunciation of religion: people can't see what he's driving at: Ingersoll is anti-theological, not anti-moral: his enemies can't distinguish between the two." W. nodded. "Every word you say is true: it is indispensable—yes, necessary—to remember this: if he meant religion in the larger sense, as he does not, I should myself object to his conclusion."

MARCH 19, 1889

I asked W.: "What would you say of the University and Modern Life?" "I wouldn't say anything: I'd rather be excused." "But suppose you couldn't dodge it—had to say some-

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thing?" He took my quizzing genially this time. "You know: I have said everything to you before: I have nothing new to announce." "But suppose you had to talk?" "Had to? I never have to: but you know my feeling about the colleges: I do not object to anything they do that will enrich the popular life—emphasize the forces of democracy: the trouble is that so much they do is bent the other way—seems to me simply hopeless scholarism or encourages reaction: is bookishness rather than revelations, God knows how many removes from origins." I said: "Well—I got you to say something, anyhow!" He added: "Yes, you did: I don't take it back: so much of the work we might be warranted in expecting the university to do has to be done outside universities to-day: the university is only contemporary at the best: it is never prophetic: it goes, but not in advance: often, indeed, as dear Sidney used to say here, has its eyes in the back of its head." I asked: "Isn't this all inevitable as long as the university is an aristocratic rather than a democratic institution?" W.: "I do not deny it: in fact, that may be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

MARCH 20, 1889

W. said: "Respectables and non-respectables provide for us, too: non-respectables—that's where we come in. Edward [Carpenter] lectures: that should have been my business, too: if I'd gone direct to the people, read my poems, faced the crowds, got into immediate touch with Tom, Dick and Harry instead of waiting to be interpreted, I'd have had my audience at once." I asked W.: "You feel as if your audience was sure? as if you are bound to have an audience?" "Yes," said he; "I do: I think I can say that without egotism: I am destined to have an audience: there is very little sign of it now—my friends are only a few at best scattered here and there across the globe: that does not make me doubtful: I still see the audience beyond: maybe in the to-morrow or the to-morow of to-morrow." I asked W.: "Your audience will be——" "Harlots and sinners—discredited persons, criminals: they should be my audience: women, doctors, nurses: those who know the physiological

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man—the physiologic spiritual man." I said: "You say you have got only a foothold and may never get more." W. answered: "Sometimes I feel that: I am in some moods doubtful whether there's to be anything beyond: then another mood supervenes: I get life at another angle: there's more light in the picture." "And there are people in the picture?" W. dreamily: "Yes—crowds of them, though I do say it myself: stretching out over continents." He paused. "I have that vision: it's real: nothing could be more vivid: then—I wake up!" Laughed quietly.

MARCH 26, 1889

Season of Wagner Opera in Philadelphia. W. asked me about it. He said: "Doctor heard one of the operas in New York—the Götterdämmerung: is that how you say it? does it mean, the twilight of the gods?" Then: "And Doctor thought it a revelation—was filled with it for days and days." Then of Wagner: "I am not surprised that he was hissed from Paris: the make-up of the French people explains all that—indeed, explains its necessity: it is remarkable how deeply certain forms, habits, niceties, of civilization enter into the French character—its life: yet it is a thing not to be reckoned without: all that is a part of the cosmos. It is true it is not for us, but it is for somebody—somebody as important as we are." Paused. "You know I love the French: do not forget that." I asked: "How about Sarrazin?" W. replied: "It is a never ceasing wonder to me that Sarrazin, who is a Frenchman, with all that back of him, should seem so fundamentally to have entered into the ideals, methods, upon which, if upon anything, we have built, staked our fortunes." I asked: "Would you speak of the French as a people as being superficial?" W. at once: "Far from it: I am speaking of surfaces—of manners, behavior, gestures, the ephemera of races: underneath all that in the French as in others is the fathomless general stream."

* * *

He dwelt upon our transplantation of foreign manners. "We catch on to all sorts of things not native to us. Look at our stage: in fact we have no stage at all: a jumble of plays

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packed together without logic or connection, made up often to fit an actor, with no unity of design—no Wagnerian identity. Indeed, I often wonder why people go to the theatre at all. It is very hard to explain. It occurs to me we have so far not had one American play—not one. The nearest approach to it is Joaquin Miller's *Danites,* which is pretty fair, but after all only an approach."

* * *

Blake asked some question about Blaine. W. said: "I wonder what he will do? We shall be fortunate indeed if, somehow, somewhere, he does not get us into hot water: Blaine is one of the men—is representative of a big, perhaps dominant, class here—possessed with the idea that he must be doing something, as they say: that otherwise he is a failure: that they must be protecting something, somebody—American rights, for instance: rights of this, rights of that: rights against the pauper labor of Europe: a species of restless do-something-no-matter-what-the-hell-it-is: that's the idea—the Blaine idea."

MARCH 30, 1889

W. asked me: "Have you read much of Shelley or about him? There is a story Mrs. Shelley tells—or a character-study, rather—that makes me think of myself. You know that they were both great believers in signs, portents: so it was Mrs. Shelley who said once: 'We always know when the bad things are about to happen: when we are perfectly well, when all is at peace, then we know that the clouds are gathering—that a blow is preparing.' I have some such superstition—if it may be called that—myself: when I am feeling best I get ready for the worst." "Meeting trouble more than half-way?" I asked. He said, no. "Rather getting ready to stand it off when it gets the whole way." I told W. another Shelley story (new to him) in which Byron figured. He said: "I have always felt the greatest interest in both men: I like to read all I can get about them. I have a weakness for biography anyhow." He asked me if I had any Shelley-Byron books. If so he'd like to see them. I said: "Biography is fundamental romance and fundamental history." He was quick to say: "I'd be willing to say that,

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too." I said: "Any book is biographical—even autobiographical." He said: "Under the surface that's true: but what lying things, travesties, most so-called histories, biographies, autobiographies are! They make you sick. I suppose it can be said that the world still waits for its honest historian, biographer, autobiographer. Will he ever come?" I laughed and said: "I'll be the first!" He said, looking at me: "It would be a worthy ambition: it would be revolutionary."

MARCH 31, 1889

Of the German and American fleets at Samoa—three vessels each—four were absolutely wrecked and destroyed and the other two stranded in a typhoon. This was in this morning's papers. W. spoke of it: "It was a dreadful disaster—dreadful!" Then, pursuing the subject: "It is a wonderful and curious spectacle anyhow—the United States having the vessels there at all: for my part I should say, let me go about my own business undisturbed: not a word shall I say or a step take till I am interfered with—till my freedom is invaded: and what I offer for the individual—to me as a person—I should apply to our Government as well: let us stay at home—mind and mend our own affairs." And after further waiting: "I should not interfere by a sign even if a civilized Power should take in tow the barbarous, the savage, far-away tribes, peoples." Alluded to the International Congress of American Governments, once proposed by Blaine, now revived—there is a story in to-day's news—by the new Administration. W. asked: "I wonder if they can do anything without the Congressional sanction?" And he added: "I think there should be some way of referring such movements inviting serious changes of policy to the people." And he said: "We've got a hell of a lot to learn yet before we're a real democracy: we've gone beyond all the others, very far beyond some, but we're far from having yet achieved our dream: we'll do it, often making mistakes, committing crimes: we'll get there in the end: God knows we're not there yet."

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IMPOTENCE

JAMES HOWARD KEHLER

THE primordial, inclusive and ultimate tragic jest of human life is humanity's capacity to know, coupled with humanity's impotence to do—the power of man to see or to sense, beyond his power to express.

It is vision shackled to inertia, a ghastly grotesquerie at which the gods must laugh immoderately.

The spectacle of a soul encased in clay—man's spirit ensnared in dressmaker's draperies—the eternal in the clutch of the ephemeral—the universal in the net of the casual—life in the trappings of death—these appear to be the final facts of man's existence on the earth.

I do not believe they are the final facts, though we are powerless yet to change their hideous seeming. Our problem is the reconciliation and coördination of the facts of life, and their translation into terms of beauty.

Once that ineffable something—not language—but the spirit of language, perhaps—is found in which the vision of a world may be expressed in terms of light, then will men see that beauty is indivisible, and all pervasive.

Then will it appear that there is no great or small, in a universe which is *all* beauty.

There will be the beauty of the body no less than of the soul, of desire not less than of sacrifice, the equal joys of acceptance and renunciation, ecstasies of pain in which there is no loss—a perfectly compensating universe, because a wholeness and oneness of beauty.

Men attempt the expression of beauty, the perfectly compensating systole and diastole of a universe, in the terms of art and trade and religion—in buying and selling, in dressing and dancing, in the writing of books and the reading of them—in the making of images and the saying of prayers to them.

All is nugatory, negative, inept. It expresses only the lack of expression, only a race's impotence. Man cannot yet express what the soul knows.

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THE McNAMARAS: MARTYRS OR CRIMINALS?

THEODORE SCHROEDER

IT is now six years since the McNamara brothers dynamited the *Los Angeles Times* building and the Lewellyn Iron Works. Already they have been about four years in San Quentin penitentiary. In discussions of labor problems, their offences cause more irritation and debate than most of the current crimes, even among newspaper devotees.

No theory can explain this extraordinary vitality without taking into account the relation of their acts to the great industrial struggle, between the blind sympathizers of even the more thoughtless or heartless exploiters, and the more intelligent or desperate ones among the exploited.

It is, of course, infantile to think that this or any other dispute can be finally settled by violence, either legalized or lawless. The great violent dramatizations of industrial issues are but the cry of extreme pain which may guide the social physicians to a more efficient effort toward understanding the remote causes of our social ills.

At the late hearings of the United States Commission on Industrial Relations, there appeared from California a witness named Anton Johannsen who is himself under indictment for some dynamiting plot of the workers on the Pacific coast. This witness undertook to furnish what he called the "social background" of the deeds of the McNamaras. This was partly published in *The Masses* for July, 1915. The moralists might call it an attempted justification, though Mr. Johannsen seems not to have thought of his facts in terms of moral judgment. He only sought to induce us to see the "crimes" of the McNamaras in more correct perspective and in relation to the "crimes" against humanity chargeable to exploiters like the Steel Trust. Strange to say, this witness did not appear to have any adverse moral judgment even against the Steel Trust or the Erectors' Association.

One of the Commissioners asked him, and several other witnesses, whether the McNamaras were regarded by them as

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martyrs or criminals. Johannsen promptly said they had never committed any crime against the laboring class. Although he seemed not to regard them as martyrs, yet manifestly he had no bitterness in his heart either for them, their dynamiting conspiracies, or even against the Steel Trust or the Erectors' Association. He seemed to have the attitude of the professional soldier who accepts war and its penalties with stoical fortitude. Numerous other witnesses, of course, condemned the McNamaras as extremely malignant types of criminals.

It is this issue as between martyrdom and criminality that I wish to discuss. It appears to me that when put to witnesses of radical sympathies, this question was not asked from any sincere purpose to promote a larger understanding of the behavior of the social forces involved in our industrial conflict, but was prompted by a desire to embarrass and discredit the witnesses, and the cause of those whom they were endeavoring to help.

It also appears to me that it was an unfair method of intensifying the public prejudice. If the labor witness called the McNamaras "criminals," he seemed by the same token to be condemning also all that part of the labor movement which is attempting to intensify and rationalize the laborers' discontent with the condition of their exploitation, because every such intensification and formulation of grievances tends to promote a violent resistance to the forcible imposition of the condemned conditions.

If a radical witness called the McNamaras "martyrs," that answer categorically or dogmatically put before the public without any explanation or justification would stimulate the hatred of all the sentimental worshippers of legal forms and judgments. Again, this would intensify existing prejudices against the open-minded consideration of the charges of economic injustice and tend to preclude all agitators from securing a fair hearing for the understanding of their complaints or remedies.

I believe these questions were always asked with a conscious desire that this unfair result should follow, though the commissioner responsible for this conduct, and most of the public,

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probably lack that particular kind of intelligence which is necessary for seeing in what the unfairness consists.

In my view the unfairness of the question consists in the assumption of an alternative not involved in the facts viewed as a whole. In other words, the question is as unintelligent as though the witness had been handed a pig's ear and then had been asked whether he regarded this as a Government bond or a Government mule. Of course, sensible persons would say it is neither. I will indicate why intelligent persons do also refrain from applying to the McNamaras such question-begging, moralistic epithets as "criminal" or "martyr."

When you characterize the McNamaras as "martyrs" or "criminals," you are not describing either their conduct or the behavior of the forces which under their particular circumstances created the psychologic imperative of which dynamiting was the inevitable manifestation. In other words, these epithets furnish no enlightenment upon the subject which is being investigated.

Again, it must be admitted, I think, that by these epithets we are only characterizing the feeling which their conduct has stimulated in us. In so far as these epithets intensify a like feeling in others, so far do they preclude a calm consideration, or clearer understanding, of the many social factors and forces which contributed toward the final, unfortunate, indictable result. In other words, all the feelings which these epithets tend to arouse are but means for preventing you and me from inquiring into our share in producing or maintaining the conditions of which these dynamiting affairs are the inevitable consequence.

I have already said that when a man calls the McNamaras "martyrs," he is not telling us anything about the McNamaras, or their conduct. Let us then inquire what, if anything, he is telling us about himself, or about his feelings, when he applies the word "martyr."

Let us first try to understand as minutely as possible the mental processes involved in designating the McNamaras as "martyrs." Manifestly this is a feeling-judgment, based upon some kind of sympathetic emotion. Psychologically this implies some degree of emotional identification of the speaker with the

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McNamaras. Perhaps he has a sympathetic interest in those whom the McNamaras were trying to help. Such an attitude lends charity even to the use of disapproved means. Such a person, at the time of using the epithet, is expressing a feeling attitude, as though the workers, whom he believes to be accepting injustice under the force of economic necessity, were occupying a large, possibly an unduly large, place in the focus of his attention. Perhaps a specially sympathetic or vivid view of their unfortunate wives and children is in his mind, because of some similar tragic situation in his own family history. If neither of these influences affects him, then it may be that his feelings at the moment are determined by a great emotional aversion to some particular employer or generally the beneficiaries of unjust and oppressive exploitation; that is, for those whose greed so often makes the exploiter blindly indifferent to the suffering and wrong by which he profits and to which he contributes.

It is now well known among genetic psychologists that the real source of this sympathetic feeling may be obscured in the remote emotional tones and associations which came into existence during infancy or childhood, and are transferred to present situations by processes of which the individual is wholly unconscious. Whatever the cause, his characterization of the McNamaras as "martyrs" is merely the expression of a feeling-state in the speaker and it imparts no information whatever about the causes, the motives, the character or the "morality" of their conduct. If we imply any of these things, as necessarily contained in the word "martyrdom," we are again expressing only our own equally blind feeling attitude toward something in the situation, and exhibiting our own inefficient psychologic understanding.

If those who judge the McNamaras as martyrs had not been blinded by their feelings, they might have seen that penalized conduct in its broader relation; not only in relation to its causes in the related acts of the Steel Trust, but also in its relation to the causal or sustaining public opinion, which ignores or excuses, and at least impliedly justifies, the provoking conduct of the Steel Trust. If not blinded by sympathetic feeling, such a person might also have seen the dynamiting in relation to the

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letter of the law and the evolutionary forces which, at least now, still seem to make some penal law inevitable even though un-ideal and deplorably infantile.

Let us now try similarly to understand also the man who calls the McNamaras "criminals." Of course, the penal statutes were violated, and in this sense there can be no doubt of their status as criminals. The very asking of the question, therefore, implies that it was not a legal but a moral judgment that was desired. Of course, a conviction under our present system of criminal procedure does not at all involve an issue of moral turpitude, because the rules of evidence preclude all inquiry into the inducing causes of that condition which we call the criminal mind or criminal intent. In the absence of such inquiry and evidence as to the causes of the psychologic imperative involved, there can be no adequate understanding, and no excuse for a moral judgment. Even the moralist should not indulge in any judgment as to relative degrees of moral turpitude, as for example between the McNamaras and those who contributed to the motive for dynamiting, without a full inquiry and understanding of both. I repeat that this is impossible under present modes of court procedure.

What, then, is it that we express, if we characterize the McNamaras as moral criminals? Clearly, this also expresses only a feeling attitude in ourselves and gives no illumination to anyone's understanding of the act or of the persons so characterized. The person who designates the McNamaras as moral criminals has the same blurred and incomplete vision which we have seen to be possessed by those who characterize them as martyrs. In both cases the mental mechanism is the same.

In the warfare between the exploited and the exploiter, many belong economically to the exploited, yet emotionally identify themselves with the exploiters. Not having achieved an economic-class-consciousness, such persons of course act in accordance with their *feelings* and not in harmony with any conception of their class interests. All persons who thus *feel* themselves personally outraged by the McNamaras will be possessed by strong aversions, such as tend to preclude them from even trying to understand the forces which made the McNamaras

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what they are. Likewise, and quite as unconsciously, these sentimentalists become compelling factors which contribute to the psychologic imperative impelling some one to the next inevitable dynamiting plot.

Persons possessed by such feelings necessarily tend to make two justifications for their moral judgments. One of these is the sentimental relative overvaluation of the lives unintentionally destroyed in the *Times* Building explosion and the other is the sentimental correlative overvaluation of the sacredness of the violated statutes.

That there is a sentimental overvaluation of the particular lost lives will be apparent when we see the moral judgment passed upon the McNamaras, made by ignoring the fact that this loss of life was unintentional. It will be further manifested if the person ignores the larger social and relatively impersonal motive which prompted the use of dynamite. Another confirmation of this prejudice may perhaps be found in the persistent ignoring of the many lives which are annually more or less directly sacrificed, by the Steel Trust and other large exploiters, from the sole motive of increasing dividends. In such matters, relative judgments are the most important, and surely if the steel-mill and mine owners may incidentally take many lives merely to save the expense of safety devices, then the McNamaras should be equally allowed a few killings, as an incident to the warfare in the wage-interests of the producing class.

When our material or emotional interests are promoted by the law, we always acquire an exaggerated estimation of its value and sacredness. Now we glorify it and insist that there is a sort of eternal fitness, if not divine right, that the hangman shall have his prey.

As one hears the emphasis put upon legality by the adherents of the exploiters, a psychologist's suspicions are naturally aroused by the knowledge that in such matters we are prone to announce enthusiastically a general dogma when we are only concealing or intellectualizing a particular desire. Thus the measure of our zeal exhibits the measure of our craving to be the beneficiary of legality. This suspicion is encouraged when upon further obser-

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vation we see an indifference, conspicuous by contrast, when the law is violated by those with whom we identify ourselves, at least in phantasy or emotional attitude, because we *feel,* though we may not be fully conscious of it nor even formulate it, that their crimes are committed in the furtherance of impulses which we share, or of which we have a sympathetic understanding and of which we have not yet been made ashamed.

When a law is violated by a class, or in the interests of a class with some aspects of which we even unconsciously crave to be identified, then the letter of the law can be quite ignored without producing any great moral upheavals. The reason is that now we have sympathetic understanding and desire impels us to find extenuating or excusing circumstances. It would speak well for our understanding if we could find them in all cases. Anyway, you have not been fair enough to try to acquire a sympathetic understanding of all concerned, if you are still impelled to utter moral judgments, especially of the absolute sort instead of the relative sort.

My desire thus far has been to induce the checking of a general habitual tendency to express our more intense feeling in terms of moral praise or blame, because such feeling-judgments are always void of understanding, just in the degree that the inducing feelings are intense.

The other aspect of my desire is to divert the energy usually expended in an effort to justify feeling attitudes which are derived from unknown sources, and to induce its expenditure in the enlargement of our understanding of the forces that produce McNamaras. Thus I hope to promote a more adequate and just understanding of these men themselves.

If you really have such fundamental craving for a sense of justice so refined as to require that you shall seek understanding, rather than proofs of your own relative self-righteousness, then you will show this superiority by your future hospitable attitude for men like the McNamaras.

Even more is now required. You must listen, and insist that all others shall also listen, while the McNamaras tell you their story—tell you what *they* think impelled them to act as they did. And then you must not be angered or even impatient if it shall

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appear that suffering has made them bitter and that they exhibit intensity of feeling by harshness of language. If your desire really to understand is stronger than your vanity of respectable superiority, you must be absolutely calm under the most vigorous denunciation of things as they are and of those for whom they seem to exist in unfair abundance. Also you must be really anxious to listen to their most "outrageous" alleged remedies for social evils and to estimate their possible value according to objectively derived standards.

But now I come to the most difficult task of all. You must really crave to listen to all this, not merely to find out whether they are criminals or martyrs—whether among the damned or the saints. Leave all moral judgments as to the McNamaras to those infantile minds that have not yet outgrown the child's impulse to pose as a Daniel. But listen—listen to discover as much as possible of your own unconscious contribution to the state of things that makes such relatively intelligent workers as the McNamaras desperate, and that creates violent revolutions when enough of the workers come to feel as the McNamaras felt.

When we see *our* contribution to the final tragedy, then and then only do we have sufficient understanding to entitle us to pass moral judgments—on ourselves, of course. If we have even approximated to the state of development which I have tried to portray and promote, we never would think of passing a moral judgment upon anyone but ourselves.

I have asked you to help to see to it that everybody—that is, the greatest possible number of persons—shall hear and understand the inner meaning of the "crime" of the McNamaras. So long as you are unwilling or unable to do all this, you cannot claim to be superior to, and probably not even the equal of, the McNamaras. So long as you cannot act according to this ideal which I have portrayed, you, too, are among those infantile ones who solve social problems through the methods inspired by prejudice and passions, that is, by violence of the intellectually blind. That places one either into or below the evolutionary class to which the McNamaras belong.

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YUCATAN AND THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

CARLO DE FORNARO

THIS story is the struggle of an American corporation for the control of one of the richest States in Mexico, financially and commercially. The control of the staple of any country gives the political control as well. A very powerful foreign oil corporation attempted to impose its will through the dictatorship of Diaz. When the foreign corporations cannot impose their conditions with the powers that be in Mexico, they work and plot assiduously to bring about American intervention, which is only a diplomatic expression for war. So far they have not succeeded, but the danger is always latent and imminent.

There is a popular impression outside Mexico that Yucatan is an arid State where nothing grows but cactus and the agave; whereas the contrary is true. The State of Yucatan is only part of the peninsula of that name; now it comprises the territory of Quintana Roo, which has been lately added to it. The State of Campeche was also once a part of the State of Yucatan. Quintana Roo is wonderfully rich in hard woods, chicle plants, sugar cane and an infinite variety of flowers, fruits and plants of incalculable commercial, chemical and industrial value. Yucatan is known chiefly through the cultivation of the agave plant, of which there are several scores of varieties which produce the valuable henequen fibre. Nature through centuries of selection has made the henequen the ideal plant impervious to inclemencies, droughts, to grasshoppers and other destructive insects. This remarkable plant needs practically no cultivation, no irrigation; only twice a year the ground has to be cleared of weeds. When the leaves are cut, within a few hours they are ready to be shipped to the market. It takes six or seven years for the henequen to grow up before the leaves can be cut, and then it continues to bear the leaves for that purpose for almost thirty years. The Yucatecans call it justly the noblest plant on the continent.

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The fibre, which is the result of a mechanical process, is a most valuable asset, so much so that it takes the place of gold in financial transactions.

The Spanish-American war doubled the value of henequen because of a shortage of the export of the fibre crop from the Philippines.

The export from Yucatan in 1880 was of 112,921 bales valued at $886,788.81. In 1904 it was of 606,008 bales valued at $16,011,281.72; at present the export is almost one million bales valued at twenty-five million dollars.

When the Diaz régime was in power, the American and foreign corporations knew that they could count on the support and favors of the Mexican régime, always in preference to the Mexicans themselves.

As the henequen fibre was needed by the American farmers in the shape of twine to bind their crops, the production, exportation and manufacture of the fibre attracted the attention and interest of the International Harvester Company, which furnished the farming machines to the American husbandmen. The International Harvester Company, besides manufacturing farming implements, began making the fibre into twine, which was formerly done by manufacturers whose sole industry it was.

The Harvester trust began to invade the field of the cordage and twine industry and very soon controlled the output and price of the fibre. The advent of Don Olegario Molina as Governor of the State of Yucatan accelerated the concentration of the output of henequen into a few hands.

Experience has proved that it is not necessary to control fifty per cent. of the total product of a commodity to possess a practical monopoly of its prices. The International Harvester Company absorbed seventy-two per cent. of the export of the henequen from Yucatan.

Yucatan produces about thirty-one per cent. of the world's fibre, but the United States absorbs little of that.

Besides controlling the American market, the International Harvester Company attempted to control the world's market in farming machinery and twine, and created factories in France, Germany, Russia, Sweden. To counteract this monopoly Ger-

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many started planting henequen in her colonies in Africa, and until the European war broke out, it had succeeded in producing eight per cent. of the world's product of sisal. The work of monopolizing the henequen market had been going on for almost fifteen years. The influence of the trust was felt everywhere, in the steamship lines, the docks, the railroads and even in the banks in Merida and in New York, through its agents.

About fifteen years ago, Escalante was the greatest exporter of henequen, and one of the greatest planters. Olegario Molina, through his powerful political influence, succeeded in driving Escalante out of Yucatan and almost ruined him. Besides driving this all-powerful Yucatecan from the field, the Porfirista Governor likewise absorbed his plantations and the export business.

When Molina became a member of Diaz's Cabinet, he placed trusted agents to take his place in the firm of Molina and Company. One of the most successful of these agents was a son-in-law of Olegario Molina, a Spaniard named Avelino Montes, who not only was the Minister's factotum, but became the agent of the International Harvester Company.

During Molina's rule, the henequen fibre sold as high as 6 cents, but the peons only received 25 cents a day, being paid mostly in scrip; and they were encouraged to go into debt, a debt which was inherited from father to son. The profits were divided among the planters, the agents and the trust. To offset this exploitation at home and from abroad, when Pino Suarez became Vice-President under Madero, he created in 1912 the "Commission reguladora del mercado de henequen," which means "Regulating commission of the henequen market"; a department which was under the jurisdiction of the executive power of the State of Yucatan. The first director of the Reguladora was Idelfonso Gutierrez.

Yucatan Reguladora may have taken its clue from the Brazilian valorization Company, which regulated the output, export and price of coffee under the jurisdiction of the Brazilian Government. The Brazilians in their turn had copied their methods from the German Kartels, which were combinations or trusts of manu-

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facturers which were organized for the purpose of regulating the prices of all commodities.

When Madero became President, he expected to settle all the questions of land peonage, and eliminate all the political oppressions created under Diaz. Madero meant well, but he was powerless, as he was surrounded by the system left over by the Diaz régime. Madero told an American labor leader that he would try to liberate Mexico from the clutches of American and foreign trusts; he died in the attempt.

Huerta's dictatorship had behind it all the foreign and American corporations. When Carranza drove out Huerta, the reaction lifted its head in Yucatan and money was subscribed for a revolt. An ex-federal employee, Abel Ortiz Argumedo, organized the revolt. An agent of the trust subscribed $575,000 to this movement, besides the sum of two million dollars which Argumedo issued through the treasury of the State of Yucatan. The revolt headed by Argumedo had as its consequence the movement of the ex-Governor of Yucatan, Eleuterio Avila, which failed through the defection of the ex-federal colonel Patricio Mendoza. To quell this movement A. Breceda and H. Barron were sent to Yucatan, but their efforts were unsuccessful and Argumedo took possession of the government of Yucatan and got together about twelve thousand men. Then General Alvarado was sent to Yucatan with about 7,000 men and in a few weeks he had attacked and defeated Argumedo's forces, which were well intrenched near Hecelchakan, in the State of Campeche, on the railroad between Campeche and Merida. Meanwhile the First Chief Carranza closed the port of Progreso so as to prevent the rebels from importing arms and ammunition.

At once a cry went up in the American press that Carranza was interfering with the export of henequen and pressure was brought about to induce the American Granger Associations to protest with the State Department that the closing of Progreso interrupted the export of fibre and interfered with the manufacture of twine necessary for the crops. The First Chief Carranza received an ultimatum from the American Government through Mr. Silliman, whereupon Carranza asked twenty-four hours in which to give an answer. Mr. Silliman demanded an instant

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decision, which was given after a few hours' meeting of Carranza's Ministers, R. Zubaran and L. Cabrera, when they decided to open the port, as General Alvarado had been dispatched to Yucatan and would control the port and the State within a few days. The Yucatecan rebels had blown up the Mexican gunboat *Progreso* and would have done the same thing to the Ward line steamer *Morro Castle* had the captain not sailed at once for Vera Cruz.

Argumedo was so sure of success that Huerta was asked to leave Spain and join the revolt in the northern border by uniting with General Angeles while Argumedo would have slowly worked his way to the south of Mexico, thus placing the Constitutionalists between two fires. But the scheme failed and Argumedo and his rebel friends fled to Cuba and the United States with their war booty. A commission of rebels had gone to Washington to propose a secession of Yucatan from Mexico under the protectorate of the United States, but the proposition was rejected.

Avelino Montes and his Alma Mater, the American trust, used all their political influence to bring about intervention and to hamper the suppression of the rebel movement against the Constitutionalists. In spite of their failure they continued their work of undermining and discrediting the work of Carranza and General Alvarado, who had become Governor of Yucatan.

On July 15, another article was published in all the American papers. We reproduce the article as it was printed in *The Journal of Commerce,* July 15, 1915.

PROGRESO OFFICIALS HAMPER AMERICAN BUYERS OF SISAL

SAID TO CONTROL A LARGE STOCK WHICH THEY WANT TO SELL FIRST

"*Washington,* July 14. Trouble has arisen again in Yucatan over the sisal situation. American purchasers, principally the International Harvester Company, complained to the State department to-day that the Carranza forces have completely cut them of from exporting their products at Progreso. Representatives of the Harvester Company said that dock privileges

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at Progreso had been denied to them and therefore they could not ship sisal purchased long ago. Some time ago the Carranza authorities, who are said to control a large stock of sisal which they seek to sell to foreign purchasers, denied cars to the American buyers. Then the Americans got their sisal to the docks by mule teams and other conveyances, but it is now asserted they cannot get the docks for loading.

"An investigation is being made by the Government. The Navy Department received a message from Progreso stating that export duties had been increased and that exports had greatly decreased in the last month."

We will see how far the facts warrant the assertions of the Harvester Company, and what is the real reason behind this protest.

In the month of June, 1915, out of 132,356 bales of henequen, Avelino Montes, as agent for the Harvester Company, exported 64,736 bales as against 67,570 exported by other independent companies. In the first six months of 1915, A. Montes exported fifty-four per cent. of the henequen from Yucatan. If a comparison is made of the exports for other years, say, for example, 1910, it will be seen that in 1910 the henequen exported from Yucatan was 558,897 bales. A. Montes exported of this quantity 422,456 bales, that is to say, seventy-two per cent. of the whole output. The rest was exported between The Plymouth Cordage Company, 131,405; N. Escalante & Company, 4,513; and others 423 bales.

Thus it will be discovered that in 1910 A. Montes exported seventy-two per cent., while in 1915 he only exported fifty-four per cent. of the whole. This means that the monopoly of the henequen has been slowly wrested from the trust and the independent companies have now an even chance in their competitive struggle.

Up to March, 1915, A. Montes controlled and therefore fixed the price of the fibre in Yucatan. As soon as the revolution started under Madero and continued under Huerta, as well as at present, the price of the Mexican dollar continued to depreciate until now it is about ten cents on the dollar. A. Montes

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took advantage of the fluctuation of prices to impose his own will until the henequen had reached the low price of 3 cents, When the Reguladora initiated its labors to fix a fair price of henequen, the Harvester Company and its agent fought in every possible manner, sometimes under the pretext of interference in the export, at other times claiming intimidation and monopoly.

The headline in *The Journal of Commerce* opened up another line of attack. The Harvester Company in other words expects the United States to interfere with the local Government in Yucatan because it has been beaten in its monopoly.

In March, 1915, Don Juan Zubaran was appointed director of the Reguladora. The price of henequen was then at 3 cents; he raised it slowly to 6 cents; it may rise again, but it will stay at a reasonable figure.

The peons who under Molina's rule received 25 cents a day now can earn as much as 80 cents gold, which is between six and eight dollars Mexican. The henequen planters receive their fair share of profits and are willing to pay a special contribution to the Reguladora, so that it can keep up an organization to regulate the prices according to the production and the market.

The Reguladora is capitalized at about eight million dollars, which is represented by its equivalent in henequen and is free of all debt.

What the Harvester Company does not relish is the fact that the Government of Yucatan after many years of oppression and exploitation has finally checked the American trust; it has even started to compete with the trust on its own field by manufacturing twine in Yucatan.

The Reguladora believes that its duty lies first with the henequen planters, the workers and the peons; that it is its inherent right to regulate its affairs to the best interests of Yucatan, without the slightest attempt at retaliation towards its former oppressor.

When the Harvester Company controlled the situation in 1910 the henequen sold that year at Progreso for eleven million dollars: that is to say, the whole production for that year sold at the port for that sum. The difference of price between Progreso and the price to the American farmer was twelve million

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dollars. Three-fourths of this sum was divided between the agent and the trust.

From the enormous profits gathered in the henequen trade for one year it will be observed that the party which is most interested in keeping a state of affairs as it existed previous to the entrance of the Reguladora is the Spaniard Montes. Perhaps the Harvester Company is not aware of the game which is being enacted behind the scenes, and perhaps the trust knows something about it. This article was written for the purpose of informing the American public, the State Department and the International Harvester Company, of the truth of the matter.

Up to date, the American public has heard only one side of the question. Yucatan is one of the richest States in Mexico. The Governor, General Salvador Alvarado, has proved himself a good, just Executive, a man of action as well as an accomplished diplomat. One of his first acts when he came into power was to pay $124,000 of the debt of $4,000,000 on the Yucatan railroads, which is payable in forty years. Yucatan is so rich that it asks no assistance from the central Government; on the contrary it has assisted the Carranza provisional Government to defray general expenses at home and abroad.

General Alvarado encouraged the organization of all the working-men in Yucatan into syndicates and he travelled all over the State and communicated to the peons that they were free from all debts and could work for whom they pleased. In his few months as Governor, he initiated the work of immigration, on new roads and railroads to the east in Quintana Roo and the opening up of Puerto Morelos in the east of Yucatan. Agricultural schools and experimental stations were organized to try to encourage the cultivation of other plants besides the henequen. The henequen is the staple in Yucatan and the Government has decided to encourage and protect its production and exploitation from unjust and arbitrary control. This means that the Reguladora has come to stay for the benefit of Yucatan.

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NIGHT IN INDIA

ESTHER HARLAN

INDIA knows no solar year. From the rising of one full moon to the setting of another—from crest to crest, as it were, of the lunar wave—month by month, the twelve are reckoned. And it is always the moon and not the sun that directs the most vital and intimate details of daily life.

Though it is perforce from sunrise to sunset that the mere task-toll of existence is exacted, it is none the less by their long-loved lunar sequence that the people of this land live their own lives when the service of the foreigner ceases. The shadow of those old Chaldæan seers who, back in the beginning of time, worked out their reading of the sun's supremacy, still stretches across the workaday western world; but it was to the insight of India that the laws of the ways of the lesser light were first revealed, and it is India that she still dominates.

In this land of life-long contemplations, where a profound emotional development and refinement is a marked trait of personality; where a life of active service is held as less acceptable to the gods than one of meditation, and a deep thought or vivid perception as a great achievement, distinguishing a day or a year as could no commercial acquisition or even national conquest—it seems indeed not unfitting to find in such a land the reflected light more reverenced than the direct.

The sun, of course, is not without its quota of recognition—it has its great days, marked, each, by its particular glint of gold on leaves or water, or its own rare bite in the morning air when indeed the mere response of the body to the breath that fires its blood is in itself of the essence of romance. But all the holiest festivals are held at night.

If it is true of other countries that their "sacred years" are born of the wreckage of yet earlier civil years, it is clear that the Hindu cycle is built upon a still more ancient weather-year, moon-marked, moon-governed, throughout. The whole Hindu ritual, indeed, seems one long interweaving, inter-relating of earth-life with soul experience and insight. The hardships of travel in

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camp and forest are looked upon as spiritual rigors; the sight of grass and trees, or of the new moon above the mountain peak, is called worship; and the soothing peace that comes from the glimpse of a wide, great river at sunset is held a step on the road to salvation and the freeing of the soul.

For India is a place rather than a people. Her peculiar genius is born of association with her mountains and great streams in all their varying weather-moods; the sole food of her patriotism, the sacred pilgrimages enjoined from end to end of her shrine-strewn plains; something of her spirit is inbreathed with the very air. And the key to the complexities of her peoples may be said to lie, in no small measure, in this age-long, ineradicable preference to live by the light of the moon.

The roof of every Indian house is built flat, for sitting and sleeping under the stars; the centre of every Indian home is an open courtyard—by day a cave of such winds as may blow, by night a tent whose roof is the roof of all the world under which even the most closely cloistered—proud, sensitive women "on whom the sun has never looked"—may yet claim their share of the "culture of the sky." It is almost as if the life of the land, held in abeyance as it were, while the march of the sun is endured, drew a long breath of relief with the coming of night and emerged at last into the freedom of the lesser light—to live. For then the house-tops fill with groups of soft-voiced men and women, white-clad, bare-footed and bare-armed, moving like spectres here and there in the dimness, or kneeling with folded hands and bowed head. The narrow, unlighted streets below are almost deserted—they are but the thoroughfares of necessity at best—while these, the clean, cool roofs and quiet courtyards, are the theatre of the people's true life.

Thus the mere structure of an Indian dwelling forces upon even the stranger within its gates an unwonted intimacy with the ways of night.

The change from daylight to darkness is strangely swift—the sun seems to plunge from his dominance of a cloudless sky, over the purple rim of the world—and one is alone with the deep shadows of the dead day and the searching eyes of the stars. Then the chanting of some old prayer breaks out from a nearby

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house-top, a draped figure steals to the riverside to send out a little ship of prayer "for all whose footsteps at nightfall lead not to their own door"—a tiny vessel of green leaves pinned together with bits of their own stem and filled with yellow blossoms—a beggar chants the name of Allah in some distant lane, a cow lows from the marshes, a temple bell sounds, perhaps a jackal cries the quarters of the night across the plains. . . .

The Indian night in itself is a thing not easily to be forgotten—akin to the "great throbbing silence" of Maeterlinck's naming, that is "like a hand laid softly on the soul," when consciousness, descending plummet-wise into the deeps of being, seems to leave even thought behind and touch the shores of the Great Unknown—the very centre of gravity shifts as it were for the moment, and one sees indeed the first as last and the least of all as among the mighty. . . .

Vast and black the night arches over the hushed world. There is no wind. Giant palm-trees throw ink-black shadows across the earth. A mighty Motherhood seems brooding over this land of treasured memories and a peerless past—brooding and questioning of the future of these people that live their lives by the light of the moon and stars. . . .

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"K"

["*Schola Novi Castelli: Nunquam Non Nova*"]

CHARLES VALE

SO you have trodden the familiar way—
How many men have trodden it before!—
That leads from dream to dream. And now no more
You wonder whether you shall go, or stay
A little longer. You have lived your day.
Sleep well, O Master, through the quiet night,
How vast or brief soever, till the light
Shall touch again the brow of shadowed clay!

Here, from a strange and distant land, I send
Farewell and greeting. Crowded years have passed
Since boyhood times and ways; but always new—
Nunquam non nova—is our love of you,
Set deep within our hearts. Good-bye, dear friend.
You must be glad, I think, to rest at last.

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THE POETIC THEME IN THE MODERN PAGEANT

ANNE THROOP CRAIG

IN our employment of dramatic forms, it seems that we have come to a parting of the ways. Social and industrial problems in their effect on the theatre proper have produced a tendency to make our plays more and more serious,—mirrors of our faults, remedial agents,—and, to this purpose, to present them in increasingly austere and succinct forms. Where beauty has emerged, it has been in cameo forms, bearing, in subdued tones, metaphysical and mystical suggestion, but representing, in fact, only another, but more soothing and sublimated, form of the austere medicinal play. We do not have to go beyond Wedekind for the most pertinent of examples.

Between these extreme types of the modern legitimate drama and the theatre of commonplace miscellany, there have been for long almost no offerings of any vitality; and beyond a certain point in a course marked by too didactic realism, or by ephemera grown too exquisite and attenuate, any robust human instinct must revolt, and counteractive forces set in.

It is such a sturdy revolt, such a movement for romance, for a less timid companionship with beauty, which is becoming apparent, is awakening us now,—giving its sign of the parting of the ways.

It is said that "noble races love bright colors," and it is true that, as a people emerges from morbid restraints of any sort, or recovers from any degenerate social condition, it rebels against the remedies which were at first necessary to its recovery and is no longer satisfied with insipid convalescent foods. With health returns a primitive exuberance which is noble because it is triumphant, sane and strong.

This exuberance expresses itself in more and more brilliant activities and convincing achievements, and with it correspondingly, the æsthetic impulses are revivified and make the demands of health and joy, which are for splendor and delight in social intercourse and in the forms of recreation incident to it.

Naturally, in actually primitive peoples not yet subjected to

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the processes of civilization, with the struggles and restraints which are its chastening influences, the expression of this exuberance is crude and even gross. But in nations representing an emergence from the chastening process, and with the primitive condition long left behind, the return to primitive health is plus experience and more highly developed sensibilities. The delight and splendor they demand they will wish tempered with graces, with multiplied shadings and refinement of detail.

To some such emergence as this from certain forms of stress in our modern society, is undoubtedly due the recent sweeping desire for recreation, for greater brilliance and freedom in life, of which the revival of pageantry is peculiarly representative. Perhaps this condition is more marked, easier to define, both as to cause and effect, in America than anywhere else. We have been through a long industrial stress,—the stress of building a new nation; we have disposed of our primary difficulties, at least from within, and a time of natural respite comes to us,—a time to breathe freely, to enjoy the fruit of our labors, so far, and through such relaxation and enjoyment to recreate ourselves, learn our own forces and be ready for more brilliant use of them at future call. It is a kind of social coming of age, and manifests the same signs as has every previous renascence in social history.

The pageant, as a distinct force in this awakening, more comprehensively than is any other form, is the exponent, in the field of art, of the response to the desire for what is robust and beautiful, rather than remedial and didactic, or even soothing. We are ready to be positive in our activities, in the arts now, as we have so long been in our other fields of endeavor. We have recovered æsthetically, and do not need longer passively to be soothed!

This latter condition, especially, of positive social animation, pageantry may meet as the professional theatre does not, but as a communal recreational force, as the ancient festivals and the mediæval guild plays and community plays met it. For in the forms of pageantry, the new social pageantry which is developing among us, the community itself participates; it may itself create, and not only look on. And to create beauty consciously, to have an actual personal part in its creation, is as much an education and joy to a community as to the individual.

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From its nature, the dramatic pageant, of all dramatic forms, gives most scope for the employment of every art properly contributory to drama and for the elaboration of the poetic theme. This is not understood of pageantry, yet it could hardly be questioned if definitions of the modern forms in which pageantry has developed were not so vague in the minds of people in general. At present, everything from a procession to a pantomime is named, without challenge, a " pageant." Yet this is not to be left long unchallenged. Those dealing with the subject at first hand, being left to invent their own terminology, have brought it to a point where controversy sets in, and each worker in the pageantry field mentions his own definitions with some diffidence. Yet there are some definitions that can hardly be called in question, and these must supply a basis for discussion of the subject.

If pageantry literally means a " show," or series of " shows," a procession is pageantry as well as a dramatic pageant, and we may make all sorts of intermediate classifications, exchanging the places of nouns and adjectives in our terms according to the predominant form; for instance, a pageant-drama might be a concrete form of play, with elaborations in the nature of pageantry, as *vice versa,* we mean by a dramatic pageant a form of production with emphasis on the principles of elaboration, of breadth of action proper to pageantry, but with, nevertheless, a definite dramatic unity. A more professional, looser arrangement of episodes, or exhibits, with little or no dramatic focus, might well go under the name of panoramic pageant. But this suffices, for argument.

It is these points of similarity between the extreme types, and at the same time, the lack of knowledge of the possible relation between the new pageantry and the accepted dramatic forms, that make a discussion of the place of poetry in pageantry pertinent.

While we can imagine a procession pure and simple, planned with such unity as to convey a poetic idea, just as pantomime or tableaux may do, obviously, as a mere procession, it cannot do so in any complete dramatic manner. But this the pageant, with the unity and method of drama, can do, and with a more splendid and varied use of all the elements of drama,—spectacle, action and poetic language,—than is appropriate to any other form of

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dramatic presentation. For this form, which those who are developing it have well named the "dramatic pageant," may be accepted as properly conveying a theme more than heroic in proportions because involving the development of social masses and epochs rather than of personal and special events. It constitutes an art by which to express community history,—the character of a people,—the national or racial note,—more fully than any other one form can do, and becomes a more complete vehicle for a great world poetry than we have yet had.

Considering this ultra-heroic form of the drama of racial or universal human sentiment or development, in which the individual and particular are wholly subordinate to a theme, the essential elements of which are gathered in flights from century to century, and even from folk group to folk group, it is clear that the vehicle of language assigned to it must be cast upon a like scale; it must indeed be poetry, and more, poetry of a grand order.

Poetry in the larger sense being essentially an abstraction, and its vehicle of expression not necessarily to be confined to one art more than another, an interpretation of subject on such a scale as is possible to the dramatic pageant, constitutes of itself, as a whole, a poetry visualized and complete in sense and sound, so that one element can hardly be rapt from it, and remain complete in itself.

But since language in so large a measure conveys the informing spirit, it is useful to consider poetry in its special sense as a verbal art, with relation to the dramatic pageant, and to see what effect a dramatic conception on this scale must have upon its modes.

First of all, the language of pageantry will be largely figurative, which is a distinctive characteristic of poetic language; it will demand an epic sweep not only in mould of phrase but in substance; and in addition there is technical necessity for either sweeping or lyrical phrasing, in the great spaces demanded for the broad group-action and general movement of effective pageantry: here are two qualities necessary to pageantry, which are at the same time proper to poetry,—and poetry in its noblest forms. As to further effects of pageantry upon poetic language-

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forms used, the progression of plot by massed effects, for the most part, demands emotional as well as narrative expressions by groups rather than by individuals. Where in the more succinctly personal drama, such expression would focus in an individual's interpretation, in pageantry it will become the lyric joy or the threnody of *groups:* it will be developed decoratively in the massed pantomime or dance with recitative,—modes which further the effect of submergence of the individual in the flood of centuries which are to hew out the greater runes of a race.

Plainly, the language proper to such modes is perpetually broad, majestic and essentially lyrical. It could never descend into intimate prose, and be true to scale. Where lesser, more intimate touches are introduced in pageantry, they must be in the nature of accessories, by-play, to accent some point, but never to carry the main points of the central theme.

A general principle of structure in dramatic pageantry is that the theme is to be carried by the more realistic dramatic episodes, and periodically symbolized by lyrical interludes of dance, lyric pantomime, and song,—these interludes acting in the nature of a " chorus."

Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens has employed the single personal " chorus," presenting, in recitative, narrative to link the elements of the pageant which are to convey the theme, and, as he says, this personal chorus may assume many forms, such as " a prophet, a town-crier, the Spirit of Art, or any character in keeping with the pageant as a whole."

But although both the lyric interlude with symbolic dance or pantomime, and the individual, as chorus, serve to maintain the poetic element of the form, and to define the points of thematic development, it would seem that the group-dance, or pantomime, is after all the more in keeping with a form which should properly present its main points decoratively, so to speak, by means of masses, rather than by the punier means of even idealized individual action or utterance. Still, variations in this respect are admissible, even in one composition, and may be more effective than one method adhered to throughout. This, however, depends on cases, and the method which a subject itself demands for its best interpretation. The relative use of individuals and groups, there-

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fore, follows the general rule already indicated for pageant structure: that the part of the smaller,—the individual, the special,—is always to contribute to the main theme in some accessory way, of accent, or color, but not to carry the theme, which is left to mass action to do, this mass action being epochal and by groups.

It is easy to see, in considering this form of *grand drama,* what peculiar opportunities it offers for the combined use of the contributory arts: of language, of action, of color, of music. And since the art of pageant creation offers such brilliant opportunities, it must attract many to undertake it,—which is well, provided those who wish to enter the field realize what its standard of excellence has grown to mean, in the matter of technical knowledge as well as native artistic and poetic gift.

The dramatic pageant is not any more than the more succinct drama, language alone, or spectacle alone, or action alone; and, as is fundamentally necessary in the preparation of any other dramatic composition, it is necessary to be adept in the combination of effects of speech, action and spectacle. One cannot merely be a littérateur, or an artist in visual effects, or simply adept in the mechanics of stage direction,—and successfully create dramatic pageantry. Various people may execute the parts, but one person must project all and understand the technique of all.

Those who have already given years to the development of this richer pageant form have, by so doing, created at least an initial standard and one of a high order, which will be maintained by the Pageant Association of America, a form open always to further beauties of development, but not to be encroached upon by inexperience, or the results of inadequate preparation. This is decidedly as it should be, for this type of pageant could not maintain its standard, any more than could the legitimate drama, if it were to be represented by compositions prepared and produced by any who had never respected the dramatist's art enough to study the theatre itself, the personal technique of acting, the relation of accessory effects of color, music, to the central unity,—and not alone the craft of words, as vehicles for the theme,—before they plunged in with the idea that " anyone can write a play."

It is in such matters as this of re-creating and maintaining a

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standard, that the Drama Leagues under their various names, as well as the more recently instituted Pageant Association, may, if they will, effectually serve this new art of pageantry, so easily demonstrated as a marked force in social culture,—as it has been heretofore the object of literary and dramatic societies to serve the intimate drama.

The full development of the dramatic pageant is not yet, but those best examples we have had of the form illustrate literally and in spirit the points just presented, and worthily forecast further developments for this most splendid drama of the future.

Finally it is to be noted that not alone either in its form as an interpretation or presentation of a grand idea does the dramatic pageant represent poetry,—for the present using the word again in its abstract sense,—but also through its opportunity for making those who participate in it such people as shall benefit socially and humanly by the experiment. This is a phase of the subject requiring consideration by itself, since it is not, technically speaking, an inevitable necessity to pageant production. It is, nevertheless, a most important element of its usefulness, and inseparable, too, from certain aims in its production, as has been demonstrated through a number of our best pageants, notably those of Peterboro' and of Thetford. Especially, Mr. William Chauncy Langdon's emphasis on this social element is well known, as is his important work in demonstrating it. It is this social element which is the current epic, and which must bear after all the living poetry, the story of human relations, their development from the past, their promise for the ideals of the future.

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MUSIC AFTER THE GREAT WAR

CARL VAN VECHTEN

WHEN the great war was declared, Leo Stein, in Florence at the time, asserted that the day of the cubists, the futurists, and their ilk was at an end. "After the war," he said, "there will be no more of this nonsense. Matisse may survive, and Picasso in his 'early manner,' but Renoir and Cézanne are the last of the great painters, and it is on their work that the new art, whatever it may be, will be founded." Leo Stein belongs to a family which, in a sense, has stood sponsor for the new painters, but his remarks can scarcely be called disinterested, as his Villa di Doccia in Florence contains no paintings at present but those of Renoir and Cézanne. There are mostly Renoirs.

Of course a general remark like this in regard to painting is based on an idea that there is no connection—at least no legitimate connection—between the painting of Duchamp-Villon, Gleizes, Derain, Picabia, and the later work of Picasso and the painters (completely legitimatized by now) who came before them. Without arguing this misconception, it may be stated that a similar misconception exists in relation to "modern" music. There are those who feel that the steady line of progression from Bach, through Beethoven and Brahms, has broken off somewhere. The exact point of departure is not agreed upon. Some say that music as an art ended with Richard Wagner's death. There are only a few, however, who do not include Brahms and Tschaikowsky in the list of those graced with the crown of genius. There are many who are generous enough to believe that Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy have carried on the divine torch. But there are only a few discerning enough to perceive that Strawinsky and Schoenberg have gone only a step further than the so-called impressionists in music.

Since the beginnings of music, as an art-form, there has always been a complaint that contemporary composers could not compose melody. Beethoven suffered from this complaint; Wagner suffered from it; we have only recently gone through the period

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when Strauss and Debussy suffered from it. The reason is an obvious one. Each new composer has made his own rules of composition. Each has progressed a step further in his use of harmony. Now it is evident that in this way novelty lies, for an entirely new unaccompanied melody would be difficult to devise. It is in the combination of melody and harmony that a composer may show his talent at invention. It is but natural that any advance in this direction should at first startle unaccustomed ears, and it is by no means uncertain that this first thrill is not the most delicious sensation to be derived from hearing music. In time harmony is exhausted—combinations of notes in ordered forms—but there is still the pursuit of disharmony to be made. We are all quite accustomed to occasional discords, even in the music of Beethoven, where they occur very frequently. Strauss utilizes discords skilfully in his tonal painting; in such works as *Elektra* and *Heldenleben* they abound. The newer composers have almost founded a school on disharmony.

To me it seems certain that it is the men who have given the new impetus to tonal art in the past five years who will make the opening for whatever art-music we are to hear after the war, and I am referring even to occasional pieces after the manner of Tschaikowsky's overture, *1812,* in which the Russian National Anthem puts to rout the *Marseillaise*. . . . Perhaps it will be Karol Szymanowski of Poland (if he is still alive) or a new César Franck in Belgium who will rise to write of the intensity of suffering through which his country has struggled. But it seems to me beyond a doubt that music after the great war will be "newer" (I mean, of course, more primitive) than it was in the last days of July, 1914. There will be plenty of disharmonies, foreshadowed by Schoenberg and Strawinsky, let loose on our ears, but, in spite of the protests of Mr. Runciman, I submit that these disharmonies are a steady progression from Wagner, and not a freakish whim of an abnormal devil. I do not predict a return to Mozart as one result of the war.

There are always those prone to believe that such a war as is now in progress has been brought about by an anarchic condition among the artists, as foolish a theory as one could well promulgate, and keep one's mental balance. It is this group which

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steadfastly maintains that, after the war, things will not merely be as they were immediately before the war broke out, but as they were *fifty* years before. Now it should be apparent to anyone but the oldest inhabitant that the music dramas of Richard Wagner are aging rapidly. Public interest in them is on the decline, thanks to an absurd recognition, in some degree or other, everywhere from Bayreuth to Paris, from Madrid to New York, of what is known as the "Master's tradition." Some of this tradition has been invented by Frau Cosima Liszt von Bülow Wagner and all of it is guaranteed to put the Wagner plays rapidly in a class with the operas of Donizetti and Bellini, stalking horses for prima donnas trained in a certain school. Without going into particulars which would clog this issue, it may be stated that the tradition includes matters pertaining to scenery, staging, lighting, acting, singing, and even *tempi* in the orchestra. It is all-inclusive.

It must have been quite evident to even the casual concert-goer that German music has passed its zenith. It has had its day and it is not likely that post-bellum music will be Germanic. In an article in a recent number of *The Musical Quarterly,* Edgar Istel reviews German opera since Wagner with a consistent tone of depreciation. The subject, of course, does not admit of enthusiasm. He calls Edmund Kretzschmer and Karl Goldmark "the compromise composers." There are probably not many Americans who have heard of the former or his "most successful opera," *Die Folkunger.* Goldmark is better known to us, but we do not exaggerate the importance of *Die Königen von Saba,* the *Sakuntala* overture, or *Die ländliche Hochzeit* symphony. Nor do we foreigners to the *Vaterland* know much about Victor Nessler's *Der Trompeter von Säkkingen,* although we hear one air from it frequently at Sunday night concerts in the opera house. August Bungert tried to outdo Wagner with a six-day opera cycle, *Homerische Welt,* produced in 1898-1903 and already forgotten. Max Schillings, whose name has occasionally figured on symphony orchestra programmes in America, is thus dismissed by Istel: "Schilling's last work, *Der Moloch* (1906), proves his total inability as a dramatic composer." Hans Pfitzner is another name on which we need not linger. Engelbert Humper-

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dinck, of course, wrote the one German opera which has had a world-wide and continuous success since *Parsifal, Hänsel und Gretel.* But the music he has composed since then has not awakened much enthusiasm. *Hänsel und Gretel* is, after all, folk-music with Wagnerian orchestration. It assuredly is not from Humperdinck that we can look for post-bellum music. We have heard Keinzl's very mediocre *Der Kuhreigen* and this season we are promised *Evangelimann.* The name of Siegfried Wagner signifies nothing. Ludwig Thuille wrote some very interesting music in the last act of *Lobetanz,* but that opera could not hold the stage at the Metropolitan Opera House. W. von Waltershausen's *Oberst Chabert* has been given in London, not, however, with conspicuous success. D'Albert has written many German operas in spite of his Scotch birth. Of these the best is *Tiefland,* negligible in regarding the future. Leo Blech's unimportant *Versiegelt* gave pleasure in Berlin for a time. Wolf-Ferrari, one of the most gifted of the German composers, is half-Italian. His work, of course, is not notable for originality of treatment. *Suzannen's Geheimness* is very like an old Italian or Mozart opera. So is *Le Donne Curiose.* His cantata, *Vita Nuova,* is archaic in tone, a musical Cimabue or Giotto. *I Giojelli della Madonno* is an attempt at Italian *verismo.* Richard Strauss! the most considerable German musical figure of his time. His operas will still be given after the war and his tone-poems will be heard, but he has done his part in furthering the progress of art music. He has nothing more to say. In *The Legend of Joseph,* the ballet which the Russians gave in Paris last summer, it was to be observed that the Strauss idiom exploited therein had fully expressed itself in the earlier works of this composer. *Salome* and *Elektra* represent Strauss's best dramatic work and *Don Juan* and *Til Eulenspiegel* are perhaps his best tone poems. Richard Strauss, however, is assuredly not post-bellum. His music is a part of the riches of the past. One can easily pass rapidly by the names of Bruckner, Weingartner and Gustav Mahler. Max Reger, I think, is not a great composer. But there are two Austrian names on which we must linger.

One of them is Erich Korngold, the boy composer, who is now eighteen years old. His earlier work, such as the ballet,

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Der Schneemann, sounds like Puccini with false notes. It is pretty music. Later, Korngold developed a fancy for writing Strauss and Reger with false notes. And he is still in process of development. What he may do cannot be entirely foreseen.

Arnold Schoenberg is another matter. He is still using as propaganda music which he wrote many years ago. No public has yet caught up with his present output. That is an excellent sign that his music is of the future. The string sextet, *Verklärte Nacht,* which the Kneisel Quartet played more than once in the season just past, dates from 1899. The string quartets were written in 1905 and 1908. The five orchestral pieces, the six piano pieces, and *Pierrot Lunaire,* other music of his on which what fame he possesses outside of Austria rests, are all over two years old. Now the Boston Symphony Orchestra has only recently deemed it fitting to play the five orchestral pieces, and I believe the piano pieces received their first public performance in New York at one of the concerts given by Leo Ornstein, although several pianists, notably Charles Henry Cooper and Mrs. Arensberg, had played them in private.

In 1911 Schoenberg issued his quite extraordinary *Handbuch der Harmonielehre,* which is one of the best evidences that, even though the composer dies in the war, others will follow to carry on the torch from the point where he dropped it. Yes, Schoenberg, no less than Henri Matisse, is a torch-bearer in the art race. He is a stone in the architecture of music—and not an accidental decoration.

May I quote a few passages from the *Handbuch?*

"The artist does not do what others find beautiful, but what he finds himself bound to do."

"If anyone feels dissatisfied with his time, let it not be because that time is no longer the good old time, but because it is not yet the new and better time, the future."

"Though I refrain from overprizing originality, I cannot help valuing novelty at its full worth. Novelty is the improvement toward which we are drawn as irresistibly, as unwittingly, as towards the future. It may prove to be a splendid betterment, or to be death—but also the certainty of a higher life after death. Yes, the future brings with it the novel and the unknown;

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and therefore, not without excuse, we often hold what is novel to be identical with what is good and beautiful."

With the single exception just noted it is not from the German countries that the musical invention of the past two decades has come. It is from France. Whether Debussy or Erik Satie or Fanelli first developed the use of the whole-toned scale is unimportant; they have all been writing in Paris.

Erik Satie is one of the precursors of a movement—not important in himself, but of immense importance as an indication. He is not a genius, and therefore his work has received little attention and has had no great influence. But it must be remembered that he was born in 1860 and that his *Gymnopedies* and *Gnossiennes,* composed respectively in 1888 and 1890, make a free use of the whole-toned scale and other harmonic innovations ordinarily attributed to Debussy. A *Sarabande,* written in 1887, should be tried on your piano. It will certainly startle you. Satie has recently achieved a little notoriety, thanks to Debussy and Ravel, who have dragged his music into the light. The more dramatic resurrection of Fanelli by Gabriel Pierné has been related too often to need retelling here.

Debussy, beyond question, is one of the high-water marks in the history of music. *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* is certainly post-Wagnerian in a sense that *Salome* is not. Maurice Ravel, Paul Dukas, Roger-Ducasse, Florent Schmitt, Chausson, Chabrier, and Charpentier are all revolutionists in a greater or less degree, and all of them are direct descendants of the great French composers who came before them. But what has been accomplished in France in the last few years? Dukas has written nothing important since *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue.* Debussy's recent works are not epoch-making: a makeshift ballet, *Jeux,* a few piano pieces; what else? Ravel's ballet, *Daphnis et Chloë,* is lovely music. Some people profess to find pleasure in listening to Schmitt's *Salome.* It is unbearable to me, danced or undanced. Vincent d'Indy—has he written a vibrant note since *Istar?* Charpentier's *Julien*—a rehash of *Louise.* It sounds some fifty years older, except the carnival scene. There is live futurist music in that last act. When Charpentier painted street noises on his tonal canvas, were they of night or morning, he knew his

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business. But certainly not a post-bellum composer, this. Charpentier will never compose another stirring phrase; that is written in the stars. Since *Pelléas et Mélisande* and *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue,* is there one French opera which can be called great? There are two very good ones, Raoul Laparra's *La Habanera* and Maurice Ravel's *l'Heure Espagnole,* and very many bad ones, such as Massenet's *Don Quichotte,* the unbelievable *Quo Vadis?* of Jean Nouguès, and the imitative and meaningless *Monna Vanna* of Février. I do not think it is from France that we may expect the post-bellum music.

Italy, long the land of opera, has held her place in the singing theatres. Verdi and Puccini still dominate the opera houses. But Puccini's work is accomplished. His popularity is waning, as the comparative failure of *The Girl of the Golden West* will testify. You will find the germ of all that is best in Puccini in *Manon Lescaut,* an early work. After that there is repetition and misdirection of energy, gradually diffused talent. It does not seem necessary to speak of Mascagni and Leoncavallo. They have both tried for so long a time to repeat their two successes and tried in vain. Cilea, Franchetti, Catalani, and Giordano—these names are almost forgotten already. Is Sgambatti dead? Does anyone know whether he is or not? Zandonai—ah, there's a name to linger on! Watch out for Zandonai in the vanguard of the post-bellum composers. Save him from the war-maw. His *Conchita* disclosed a great talent; that opera shimmered with the hot atmosphere of Spain, a bestial, lazy Spain. This work I place with Debussy's *Iberia* as one of the great tonal pictures of Spain. I have not heard Zandonai's opera, *Francesca di Rimini,* which was produced at Covent Garden Opera House last summer, but I have been told that its beauties are many. I hope we may hear it in New York. It is announced for production this fall at the Metropolitan Opera House. Pratella is one of Marinetti's group of futurists, one of the noise-makers. I am not so sure of Pratella as I am sure that many of his theories will be more successfully exploited by some one else. Gordon Craig has met a similar fate in a different line of work.

Spain has been heard from recently—Spain, which has lacked a composer of "art music." Albeniz and others have been writ-

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ing piano music and now we are promised a one-act opera by Granados. Perhaps in time Spain may lift her head high and tinkle her castanets to some purpose, on programmes devoted to her own composers. But now it is Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy, Laparra, and Zandonai who have perverted these castanets and tambourines to their own uses.

I am no admirer of modern English music. I take less pleasure in hearing a piece by Sir Edward Elgar than I do in a mediocre performance of *Le Prophète* and I assure you that Meyerbeer is not my favorite composer. A meaner skill than Sir Edward's, perhaps, lies in Irving Berlin's fingers, but a greater genius. I once spent a most frightful afternoon—at least nearly all of an afternoon—listening to Elgar's violin concerto, and I remember a dreadfully dull symphony, that sounded as if it were played on a throbbing organ at vespers in a dark church on a hot Sunday afternoon. The *Cockaigne* overture is more to my taste, although I think it no great achievement. Has there been a real composer in Britannia since Sir Arthur Sullivan, whose works one rehears with a pleasure akin to ecstasy? I do not think so. Cyril Scott is interesting. Holbrooke, Delius, Grainger, Wallace, and that crowd write much complex music for the orchestra, to say nothing of piano pieces, songs, and operas. (Holbrooke supplements his labors in this direction with the writing of articles for *The English Review* and other periodicals, in which he complains bitterly that the English composer is without honor in his own country.) I find Scott's piano pieces better. But since *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* there have been but few comic scores comparable to *Patience*. You will hear the Sullivan operas many times after the war, but one cannot think of founding a school upon them.

I shall not hesitate on the music of America, because in a country that has no ante-bellum music—one cannot speak with too great enthusiasm of Ethelbert Nevin and Edward MacDowell—there is no immediate promise of important development. However, in a digression, I should like to make a few remarks on the subject of the oft-repeated charge, re-echoed by Holbrooke in relation to British musicians, that American composers are neglected and have no chance for a hearing in their

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own country. Has ever a piano piece been played more times or sold more copies than MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose,* unless it be Nevin's *Narcissus?* Probably *The Rosary* has been sung more times in more quarters of the globe than *Rule Britannia.* Other American songs which have achieved an international success and a huge sale are *At Parting, A Maid Sings Light, From the Land of the Sky-blue Water,* and *The Year's at the Spring.* Orchestral works by Paine, Hadley, Converse, and others, are heard almost as soon as they are composed, and many of them are heard more than once, played by more than one orchestra. Of late years it has been the custom to produce an American work each season at the Metropolitan Opera House, a custom fortunately abandoned during the season just past. No, it cannot be said that the American composer has been neglected.

Finland has presented us with Sibelius, whose latest works indicate that Helsingfors may have something to say about the trend of tone after the war, and from Poland Karol Szymanowski has sent forth some strange and appealing songs.

But it is to Russia, after all, I think, that we must turn for the inspiration, and a great deal of the execution, of our post-bellum music. Fortunately for us, we have not yet delved very deeply into the past of Russian music, in spite of reports to the contrary. Mr. Gatti-Casazza once assured me that *Boris Godunow* was the only Russian opera which stood any chance of success in America. He has doubtless revised his feeling on the subject since he has announced *Prince Igor* for production this season, an opera which should be greeted with very warm enthusiasm, if the producers give any decent amount of attention to the very important ballet.

It is interesting, in turning to Russian literature, to discover that Turgenev in the middle of the nineteenth century was writing a masterpiece like *A Sportsman's Sketches,* a work full of reserve and primitive force, and a strange charm. And Turgenev was born and bred a gentleman in the sense that Thackeray was born and bred a gentleman. In English literature we have travelled completely around the circle, through the artificial, the effete, and the sentimental, to the natural, the forceful, the primitive. Art like that of D. H. Lawrence, George Moore, and Theodore

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Dreiser, is very much abroad in the lands. Russia began her circle only in the last century with her splendidly barbaric school of writers who touch the soil at every point, the soil and the soul: Turgenev, Gogol, Pushkin, Dostoievsky, Andreyev, Tolstoy, Tchekhov, Gorky, and Artzybachev, a noble group of names. We find in Russia a situation very akin to that of Ireland, a people commercially under-developed, in a large measure born to suffering, keenly alive to artistic impulse.

In Ireland this impulse has expressed itself almost entirely through the written word, but in Russia it has found an outlet in a thousand channels. (The arts have grouped themselves together in the glowing splendor of the Russian Ballet productions.) Music, like literature, sprang into being in Russia, fed on the rich folk-songs of the Slavic races, during the nineteenth century; and again like Russian literature, its first baby notes were wild, appealing, barbaric, forceful, and sincere—the music of the steppes and the people, rather than the music of the drawing-room and the nobility. Let us remember that about the time Richard Wagner was writing *Tristan und Isolde,* Moussorgsky was putting on paper, with infinite pain, the notes of the scores of the poignant *Boris Godunow* and the intense *La Khovanchina.* Since then the Russian music world has been occupied by men who have given their lives to the foundation of a national school. Their work has been largely overshadowed in America by the facile genius of Tschaikowsky, who wrote the most popular symphony of the nineteenth century, but who is less Russian and less important than many of his confrères.

If for a time after the war one must turn to the past for operatic novelties, one can do no better than to go to Russia. It is my firm conviction that several of the Russian operas would have a real success here. *La Khovanchina* to many musicians is more beautiful than *Boris.* It is indeed a serious work of genius. The chorus with which the first act closes has power enough to entice me to the theatre at any time. I do not know of a death-scene in all the field of opera as strong in its effect as that of the Prince Ivan Khovansky. He is stabbed and he falls dead. He does not sing again, he does not move; there are no throbs of

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the violins, no drum beats. There is a pause. The orchestra is silent. The people on the stage are still. It is tremendous!

Rimsky-Korsakow's music is pretty well-known in America. His *Scheherezade* and *Antar* suites are played very often; but his operas remain unsung here. Why? He wrote some sixteen of them before he died. Even so early a work as *A Night in May* contains many lovely pages. It is a folk-song opera built along the old lines of set numbers. It reminds one of *The Bartered Bride*. First produced in 1880, it does not show its age. *The Snow Maiden* contains the *Song of the Shepherd Lehl* and one or two other airs familiar in the concert *repertoire*. *Sadko,* if given in the Russian manner, would fill any opera house for two performances a week for the season; and *Ivan the Terrible* is a masterpiece of its kind. But the greatest of them all is the last lyric drama of the composer, *The Golden Cock,* in which this great tone colorist bent his ear further towards the future than he had ever done before.

The death of Alexander Scriabine recently in Petrograd created little comment, although the papers had been filled a few weeks before with descriptions of the very bad performance of his *Prometheus* by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. Scriabine, another Gordon Craig, was too great a theorist, too concerned with the perfect in his art, ever to arrive at anything approximating the actual. As an influence, he can already be felt. His synchronism of music, light, and perfumes was never realized in his own music, although the Russian Ballet has completely realized it. (How cleverly that organization—or is it a movement?—has seized everybody's good ideas, from Wagner's to Gordon Craig's!) As for Scriabine's strange scales and disharmonies, Igor Strawinsky has made the best use of them—Igor Strawinsky, perhaps the greatest of the musicians of the immediate future. I hope Americans may hear his wonderfully beautiful opera, *The Nightingale;* and if all the music of the future is like that I stand with bowed and reverent head before the music of the future (with the mental reservation, however, that I may spurn it when it is no longer music of the future). His three ballets are also works of genius.

It is indeed to Strawinsky, whose strange harmonies evoked

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new fairy worlds in *The Nightingale* and whose barbaric rhythms stirred the angry pulses of a Paris audience threatened with the shame of an emotion in the theatre, to whom we may turn, perhaps, for still new thrills after the war. Strawinsky has so far showed his growth in every new work he has vouchsafed the public. From Schoenberg, and Korngold in a lesser degree, we may hope for messages in tone, disharmonic by nature, and with a complexity of rhythm so complex that it becomes simple. (In this connection I would like to say that there are scarcely two consecutive bars in Strawinsky's ballet, *Sacre de Printemps,* written in the same time-signature, and yet I know of no music—I do not even except *Alexander's Ragtime Band*—more dance-compelling.) We may pray to Karol Szymanowski for futurist wails from ruined Poland; a rearranged, disharmonic version of the national airs of the warring countries may spring from France or Italy; but for the new composers, the new names, the strong new blood of the immediate future in music, we must turn to Russia. The new music will not come from England, certainly not from America, not from France, nor from Germany, but from the land of the steppes—a gradual return to that orientalism in style which may be one of the gifts of culture, which an invasion from the far east may impose on us some time in the next century.

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CORRESPONDENCE

German and British Opinion

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—Claims and counterclaims have been made by both sides in regard to the issues raised by the war. One point, raised by Mr. G. G. Coulton, in his recent book *Pacificist Illusions,* seems to me worth special consideration. Mr. Coulton, speaking as an Englishman, says: "Neutrals have pointed out clearly enough that the German White Book, both in what it says and in what it leaves unsaid, betrays a very different state of mind to ours. The German people, again, know at the bottom of their hearts that they lack both a free press and freedom of public speech; therefore it is as untrue to call the German and English convictions equal, as it would be to assert that a scholar, citing an author at random, has the same conviction that he would have had if he had carefully verified his references first."

To those familiar with both British and German institutions and with the power exercised even in normal times by the German Government over public opinion, this quotation is very pertinent.

J. H. MUNRO

QUEBEC

War Literature

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—In view of the large part that your magazine played in the reading which is reported in the enclosure, I am sending you a copy of the report, as you may be glad to know some of the things in THE FORUM that have especially appealed to one interested in the technique as well as in the content of the material.

CAREY C. D. BRIGGS

NEW YORK

DISTINCTIVE AMERICAN WAR-LITERATURE

Yesterday afternoon at four, in the auditorium of New York University on University Heights, Mr. Carey C. D. Briggs of the Departments of English and of Public Speaking, read selections from distinctive American literature published since the outbreak of the war. The programme consisted of the following selections:

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If, by Bartholomew F. Griffin
From the 1914 *Anthology of Magazine Verse.*
The Drum, by E. Sutton
From *Scribner's Magazine.*
Europe—A Vision of Heinrich, Fiddler, by Karl Remer
From THE FORUM.
The Twilight of the Gods, by Josephine Daskam Bacon
From THE FORUM.
The Bugle
From *The New York Times.*
Evening, by Charlotte Wilson
From *The Yale Review.*

Mr. Briggs prefaced his readings with a brief explanation of the touchstone he had applied, amid a wealth of raw material, to the selection of his programme. In a few words, he sketched the difference between the commonplace in this material and the distinctive. "The distinctive in literature," he said, "as the term is here employed, indicates the somewhat intangible, but none the less real, difference between two large classes of war literature: the story, poem, or drama that, at the best, can be said to rise no higher than the obvious; and the literature that, although based on the same material, attains the height of becoming interpretive."

Effective as were *The Drum* and *Europe—A Vision of Heinrich, Fiddler,* by far the most compelling selection rendered by Mr. Briggs was *The Twilight of the Gods,* by Josephine Daskam Bacon. The programme, as a whole, was very moving and left the audience deeply stirred.

Rational Pacifists

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE FORUM]

DEAR SIR,—I like the phrase "rational pacifist" in Mr. Vale's article in the August number. We need not quarrel with those who see visions and are willing to martyrize themselves and their nations in the pursuit of an ideal. But *festina lente* is not a bad motto, and those of us who believe in the final triumph of reason, but in the present necessity for care and precaution, might well adopt the title of rational pacifists. We are willing to do all that we can to further conditions that may lead to enduring peace, but we are not willing to ignore the difficulties of the task or the advantages of quiet common sense.

JAMES E. WORTH

SAN FRANCISCO

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EDITORIAL NOTES

Since August, Last Year

MORE than a year has passed since the inexcusable war began. It is probable that every one of the belligerents would gladly turn the clock back and resume the *status quo ante,* if such a reversal of tragedies were possible. But the moving finger has written, and the writing is irrevocable. Millions have gone to death and mutilation because a few men, steeped in ludicrous traditions, were unable to agree publicly upon a course of action which could have been arranged, between private individuals of decent training, in a few minutes.

Much has been done—far too much—that the civilized world (when the world becomes civilized) will not easily forget. Much has been done in the way of heroism, by all the nations, that a civilized world would never be willing to forget. But it is not necessary to establish a universal slaughterhouse in order to give the heroic an opportunity to express themselves. The victories of peace are not less honorable, and do not require less virility, than the triumphs of war, usually so ephemeral and futile. For the work of war seems never ended. The foes of yesterday are the friends of to-day: the friends of to-day will be fighting each other to-morrow. It is absurd that the human race should still tolerate methods that every individual, whose proper habitat is not a lunatic asylum, condemns without reservations.

Yet voices are still lifted in favor of war—not merely as a final, deplorable means to assert fundamental rights; but as a natural method, to be adopted impulsively and joyously, for avoiding reasonable discussion and fairness. The crudity of irrational self-assertion that still shows itself among children at a certain point in their development, shows itself also among childish adults who have been badly taught, badly trained and stupidly influenced. Naturally, while the masses of the world are floundering toward the minimum degree of comprehension, any loud-voiced, negligible egotist will secure a hearing and may even be acclaimed as a national hero. But not of such common clay are real leaders made. They have the power, like President

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Wilson, to go beyond the tumult and the shouting, and to see that the verdict of history will be far different from the verdict of one war-maddened generation.

No man need throw stones at any of those whose viewpoint has been affected by the actual conditions of war, in which their countries are involved. It is almost impossible for a citizen of a belligerent State to escape from the innumerable big and little influences which warp judgment and produce the curious phenomenon of nations flung as units against other nations—though the individuals in each and every country may have reasonable ideas and an earnest desire to avoid aggression and intolerance. But, in a neutral country, even those of alien extraction and sympathies may well learn to adopt a wiser and broader attitude. So many nations, with the utmost sincerity, have taken the wrong path. It seemed to them that no other path could be taken. But why was such a conclusion made possible by apparent facts? Because the world, so far from being in its dotage, has as yet scarcely emerged from its cradle. Because the ridiculous perversions of historians—since so-called historical times—have been received as verities. Because the self-assertion and dominance of the casuists and the egotists have been accepted by the uninformed millions as natural and desirable.

Consider the wars of the world. They have been almost incessantly in progress. What have they achieved, in any way commensurate with the enormous losses involved? Some memorable changes have indeed resulted: but in the vast majority of cases, the past conflicts of humanity are as important to the world now as the battles of insects. Empires, nations, peoples, fanatics, have fought for dominance, have won or lost temporarily, and have gone at last to their own place in the crowded storehouse of oblivion, or of semi-oblivion. And such results as have been proved by time to be worth while, could have been secured without slaughter, if men had learnt the methods of reason, instead of clinging in each age to the old and indefensible argument of arms.

But the present war will go on. It is perhaps now right that it should go on: for an inconclusive peace would be a poor result for so many horrors and so many sacrifices. Let it then indeed

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be the Great War, great in its terrors, its slaughter, its infamies, its heroism: but greater in what may well be its ultimate effect—the revolt of mankind from such crudity and savagery, and the reconciliation of all nations through the recognition of the meaning and the inalienable rights of a world-democracy.

France

Vergniaud, in the Convention, 1792, uttered the sentence: "Périsse notre mémoire, pourvu que la France soit libre!"

To-day, the sons of France—of silent, heroic France—are expressing again in their deeds the immortal phrase.

They rest—so many of them—in unmarked graves. Their names are not recorded. But when shall they be forgotten—that host of nameless ones—who were willing indeed that their memory should perish, so that France should be kept free!

Mr. Bryan and the Philippines

A thoughtful correspondent makes a suggestion which may at first seem scarcely practicable. Yet the idea is worth consideration, even if it must be dismissed finally.

The communication begins with the recognition that Mr. Bryan has hurt himself by his recent actions and has been much misunderstood by many of his warmest supporters in the South, so that it may be some years before he recovers his influence. Could not an opportunity be given to him to reveal more clearly his character, so difficult for those who run to read? In such an office of honor and dignity as that of Governor-General of the Philippines, he would have wide range for the exercise of his great gifts. He is peculiarly *persona grata* to the warm-hearted Filipinos and his appointment would be received with pleasure by them. In this new environment, the ex-Secretary of State could exert a powerful influence over the trend of events in Asia and over the movements which are becoming increasingly momentous, while such views as he made public could be accepted here without being attributed to unworthy or personal motives.

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It is certainly true that Mr. Bryan has been attacked persistently by a large part of the press and that his endeavors have been condemned by those who were incapable of realizing their full significance. Acute racial controversies have given an added bitterness to the attacks upon him, and his work of steadily influencing public opinion in the direction of peace as opposed to war has been complicated by the perplexities of the time. Mr. Bryan, so far as the public is entitled to judge from the information available, has preferred to adhere, for better or worse, to his ideals in their completeness, without making any of those concessions to temporary needs and changing conditions that other men, equally sincere, consider justifiable or indeed necessary. But it would be a matter for general congratulation if a statesman who has loomed so largely in the history of the country could be given an opportunity to serve the nation without being involved in the pro-Teutonic or anti-Teutonic controversy, which will be difficult enough to settle without the adventitious inclusion of Mr. Bryan's name as a stimulus to further acrimony.

Peace Rumors

Naturally at the end of more than a year of the most devastating and damnable war that the world has known, rumors of peace negotiations began to circulate. The extraordinary successes of the German armies against the Russian forces gave some appearance of credibility to the suggestions. For even the superb efficiency of the Germans can scarcely prevent the ultimate result of the wearing-down process that seems to be the keynote of the operations of the Allies; and it would have been natural for the Kaiser, after the dramatic coup of the occupation of Warsaw, to attempt to detach Russia from the Entente or even to make a proposal to the whole of the Allies. In the moment of victory, concessions may be made gracefully that would be grudged indeed after fatal defeat.

But, whatever may be the outcome of the Russian disasters, whether the retreat will be turned into a rout or whether with new munitions and new levies the Russian tradition of " coming

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back" will again be asserted, Great Britain, France and Italy will assuredly continue the struggle. France and Italy are approaching the maximum of their power: Great Britain, in spite of her phenomenal recruiting since the beginning of the war, has not yet tapped twenty per cent. of her available resources, while the other countries engaged have probably worked up to an eighty per cent. mobilization. As the additional British strength is made available, as it may have to be, the mere process of attrition will wear the Teutonic forces down until the disparity makes further conflict suicidal.

It may be assumed that the leaders of the Allies have, by this time at least, a matured plan and a coherent system, with naval and military developments foreseen and correlated. Even apart from the contingency of the intervention of the Balkan States, or the success of the Dardanelles operations, the victory of the Allies, though it may be delayed, cannot be averted. Organization and persistence alone are necessary, and it is incredible that they should not be forthcoming.

In view of the obvious facts, no suggestions for peace will be entertained unless they include a revolutionary proposal that will eliminate in the future the conditions that have kept the nations of Europe in a state of unnatural hostility during recent decades. It remains to be seen whether there is any man big enough even now to prevent the slaughter of more millions by a suggestion which will merely anticipate the future reorganization of the world on a basis of un-antagonistic democracies. There has been a good deal of talking and a good deal of action, though neither the talking nor the action has exactly corresponded with previous expectations. It would be a welcome gift to the world now if some unexpected effort of brilliant diplomacy should make the further business of monotonous murdering unnecessary.

Prudery at the Beaches

Each bathing season brings a revival, at most of the bathing resorts, of the officious stupidity of those who, dressed in a little brief authority, insist that bathers shall be dressed in a certain minimum of wool, cotton, silk and so forth. A few inches, apparently, may make all the difference between decency

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and indecency: so far may the leg be shown, but no further; to such and such a point must the dress descend, or the vials of the law's wrath shall be broken and the offender shall be instructed through the medium of severe penalties that there is a fatal difference between one inch and another inch of human flesh.

There are many useful conventions which reasonable human beings, assembling together publicly, naturally adopt. The clothing, or lack of clothing, appropriate for a beach would not be welcomed by the discerning on Fifth Avenue; rowing costume would seem out of place in a ball-room, and the filmy environments of a chorus girl on the stage would provoke comment in a jitney bus. But in any individual instance, the police are not the most reliable arbiters of what is suitable or unsuitable. The general common sense of ordinary people is far more effective, and less irritating. Any limit of freedom to which a sensible bather would wish to go need not be feared as an insidious attack upon morals. The police would do far better to confine their attentions to the few obvious rowdies and imbeciles, and refrain from annoying those with courage enough to claim for a legitimate portion of their bodies the place in the sun which is good for body and soul, when the right is exercised with due discretion at the proper place.

To anyone familiar with the atrocities of a Turkish bath—the distorted forms, the obtruding paunches—it would seem clear that the more the human body is made clear to air and sun, the better for the human race. For the sartorial art too often disguises abnormalities that could and would be avoided if they had to be exhibited publicly. Perhaps a compromise might be adopted: those with bodies which would pass a reasonable test of fitness should be allowed, if they desired, to exhibit as much of them in suitable places as a sensible authority might determine; while the ungainly and self-deformed should be compelled to wear garments most sombre and voluminous, thus publicly expiating their offences against true decency.

Thomas Mott Osborne

At the time of writing, the results of the attempts to discredit Mr. Osborne have not been made clear. But it is perfectly

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evident that the new régime at Sing Sing has many bitter enemies and that there still exist men with political influence who regard a prisoner in the old fashion, as a creature with a body to be damned but no soul to be saved.

This attitude would be less nauseating in a Society based on just principles and capable of continuously just practices. But the Society of extremes, of tenements and multi-millionaires, is not entitled to be vindictive toward the victims of its own faults. The pregnant young women, future mothers of criminals and prostitutes, working at eleven or twelve at night pulling trucks or tending looms in the mills, are as significant of our time as the demi-mondaine in her limousine or the million-dollar débutante at Newport.

Innate viciousness, even if it were frequent, should scarcely be regarded as a personal accomplishment. Viciousness of all kinds is the result of a complex of conditions; and the methods of dealing with it are equally complex, and scarcely within the range of the average local politician. Mr. Osborne has made a strong, and so far justified, effort to solve the problem. He recognizes that it is far better for Society that its derelicts should come at last from their cells with some degree of self-respect and ability to earn an honest livelihood, rather than as hopeless and embittered outcasts.

The gentle humorists who complain daily that a prison should not be a palace, that a convict should not be treated as an honored guest, may be invited to undergo a few years' incarceration in the "palace" of their merry imagination. Surely no man who has lost the supreme right of liberty, who from month to month and year to year passes from cell to workshop and from workshop to locked cell, can be called pampered if he is allowed some measure of cleanliness, with reasonable decency of treatment by the officials, and an occasional hour of change and relaxation!

It is possible that Mr. Osborne may have gone a little too far, or a little too fast. But, as THE FORUM has said before, it would be scandalous if the State should deprive itself of his services until his experiment, conducted with the increasing efficiency of experience, has been tested for a sufficient number of

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years, without interference from well-meaning or ill-meaning politicians or newspaper reporters. The press campaign against Mr. Osborne has been peculiarly discreditable, and it is extraordinary that such papers as *The New York Tribune* should have adopted the attitude that has disgusted the fair-minded.

Criticism and Contributions

A large number of contributors send with their manuscripts a request for special criticism and advice. In the majority of cases, the only comment that could justly be returned would be disappointing to the recipient; for however eagerly the immature may press for utterly candid remarks, their real and natural desire is for some measure of praise; and when this is not forthcoming, few can take the incident calmly. Whatever their former faith in the editorial judgment, inexperienced contributors often feel that a serious mistake has been made in their own case, even if sheer malignancy cannot be alleged. Budding genius has been discouraged; the midnight oil or the modern Mazda has been overworked in vain; and one more unfortunate has found how stony are the hearts of those who sit temporarily in high places.

There is a little that is amusing, and much that is far from amusing, in such circumstances. However helpful an editor may desire to be, he has usually numerous duties and only a certain amount of energy. That he should be expected to reply each day to the importunities of unknown correspondents is scarcely fair: for the task would be thankless at the best, and if more than an indifferent word or two were offered in each instance, time would be consumed that a stranger has no right to demand. For, of course, it is almost invariably the inexperienced and unproved who make such requests. Those who have fitted themselves for their work, and whose work is therefore valuable, know too much of the exigencies and chances of literary life to be concerned about one man's personal opinion, hurriedly expressed.

For those who have little confidence in themselves, or, having confidence, are perplexed that others apparently do not share it,

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the fate of their manuscripts should be a fair indication. There may be many reasons for the return of a contribution, apart from the question of literary merit; but the article or story which comes back repeatedly carries its own message to the author, though there have been striking exceptions, and every aspirant may properly hope that his own case is thus exceptional.

For the true but neglected genius who may need a kindly word, the breath of recognition that will sustain his smouldering fires, a fairly keen watch is kept by most editors and their colleagues. Even so, mere accident or the pressure of work may result in oversights: but the writer is not confined to a single opportunity. He may try again, without unduly tempting fate.

If there is any unusual promise in work that is still not quite satisfactory, the author may receive a little personal note that would not have been written if he had applied for it. For editors are human, in addition to their other faults; and they prefer a certain freedom of choice and action. To be expected, a dozen times a day, to compose an elaborate criticism of the work of a tyro, does not seem reasonable. To send a message of encouragement or advice to one who is quietly working on, without heroics or hysterics, is quite another matter.

But the whole question of criticism—of the critics and the criticised—is interesting and perplexing. Most of us remember the case of the newly appointed Colonial judge, who was advised to give his judgments boldly, for they would probably be correct; but in no case to state his reasons, for they would almost invariably be wrong. So, sometimes, it may happen in editorial offices; though the majority of editors can give reasons for their decisions, and just reasons, if the occasional act of pleasure is not transformed by importunity into a distasteful task.

Becker

So Becker has gone at last and the long delay that ingenuity secured is over.

A sordid case occupied public attention to an extraordinary degree. Such criminal procrastination should be impossible, and the execution of a sentence—while capital punishment is still

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maintained—should follow within three months after the verdict of the jury has been delivered. Any proper appeal could be dealt with in that time.

It seems strange that while so many men were dying violent deaths in the trenches and on the battlefields of Europe, millions of people found their attention almost fascinated by the picture of the condemned man in his cell, waiting for the passing of the last few hours, after all hope had been abandoned. Yet drama, even of the death house, has its natural appeal—and not merely to morbid instincts. Waiting for the inevitable, when the inevitable means speedy extinction and an enduring stigma, requires courage that need not be dismissed with a sneer. So far as can be gathered, Becker showed that courage, when all his desperate attempts to secure further delay had failed. Let him at least be credited with that courage; for it was not bravado of the blatant type.

"Father, I am ready to go." The words might have come from a hero, and not from a convict. With the right influence at the beginning of his career, Becker might have brought credit, and not further shame, to the police department. If the force had not had many black sheep, Becker would scarcely have been original enough to be the first.

Well, as a former police lieutenant, he has given an ironic meaning to the trite phrase "vindicating the majesty of the law." But that vindication occupied almost three years longer than it should have done.

An Episcopal View of America and Wilson

Bishop Crossley, preaching at Newport, Monmouth, Wales, recently, said that in his opinion the greatest personality in the world to-day was President Wilson.

"I hold," he continued, "that there is no nation in the world with such a supreme sensitive conscience as America. We have awaited with almost bated breath the action of that great, loved and honored people. I have seen in many papers strong condemnation of Mr. Bryan's conduct in leaving the Administration at the critical moment and declining to sign the Second Note

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to Germany. Pause before you too lightly condemn such an action, which may be hard to understand. There are a hundred reasons why you might like America to be on our side, and, perhaps, the greatest of all is that when the readjustment of Europe has to be undertaken, we should like America, with her sanity, foresight, and alacrity of mind, to share our counsels.

"But it may be that America will present a picture of Christianity which it has been impossible for us to present. It may be that, having been smitten, she may turn the other cheek, and stand before the world as the harbinger of peace. It will be an enormous asset to the world if one nation can endure irritation, pin-pricks of an acute nature, and disrespect of her august position, in order that she may hold aloft a torch which is greater than these things—the lamp of peace."

There are some who will consider that this country does not deserve to be so regarded; there are many who will resent such a viewpoint. Yet it represents in essentials what the most far-seeing and self-sacrificing men and women of the nation have deliberately tried to make possible, and probable. Where all the old methods have failed so completely, a new method—the method of Jesus of Nazareth, never before put into practical operation between nations—might well be given a trial: for most of us believe that the great teacher knew more than the majority of modern publicists. But if the sequence of events should make it impossible for us to follow much further the policy of unwillingness to take offence, of reluctance to adopt methods that are repugnant to us, we have still done much to encourage the hope that true dignity and utter justice shall finally be dominant in the councils of the world.

Umpire-Baiting

One of the most annoying features of professional baseball is the constant quarrelling with the umpires' decisions, often by those who are nominally taking no active part in the game. The indomitable McGraw, for example, has been a frequent offender.

Umpires, being mortal—though sometimes not sufficiently

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mortal, at the moment, to appease irate fans—naturally make mistakes. But these mistakes are quite fairly distributed during the course of a season, and it shows a serious lack both of self-control and of logic on the part of players and officials when they protest so offensively that they have to be ordered out of the game. Some of the exhibitions recently have been disgusting; and the press is largely to blame for taking a very petty attitude, in the majority of cases.

Quiet protest against the decision of an umpire is permissible, in certain cases; but violent and absurd criticism should be penalized far more heavily, in the interests of the game and of all sportsmanship. In this connection, a word may well be said against the taunting which is so prevalent—the attempt to put any player "off his game" by pointed remarks, humorous or vitriolic. At the least, no one except the players should be allowed to interfere directly in the game after it has once been started. The captain of the side should be sufficiently competent to give all the advice and exhortation necessary when his men are in the field. The intervals at the bench should surely afford the manager every reasonable opportunity for a little gentle counsel.

Creation and Mosquitoes

To those who complacently assume that all creation was planned for the sole benefit and happiness, here and hereafter, of human beings, the question may be suggested: Why did Providence invent vermin? The precise value, æsthetic and practical, of vermin to the human race is not easily discernible.

Perhaps, if the whole scheme of Providence were understood, a certain relativity of values would be made obvious; and we should see that everything that is—stone, flower, insect, animal—has its own inalienable right to a place in the sun, or a place in the shadows.

It is good for humanity sometimes to realize that it may occupy a lower plane than the plane of all-sufficiency.

But no theorizing can account adequately for mosquitoes.

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Lord Haldane on the War

Lord Haldane, who has had some experience of preparation for war and of preparation for peace, recently said:

"This is a struggle for existence, but in any situations that may arise we shall not violate the dictates of humanity or turn back the clock of civilization. . . . As a result of the war, secret diplomacy will disappear and everywhere there will be a great democratic advance. . . . This is democracy's fight. Freedom for all nationalities is the ideal. If the Allies win, no nation will in future be likely to pin its faith to armaments. The world will get rid of a part, at least, of this burden. . . . I believe that the world is going so to organize itself that no nation, out of ambition or fear, or because of any other influence or motive, will be permitted to go to war."

When responsible statesmen can make such public utterances, the idea of ultimate rationality in the world may not be so chimerical as some of our jingoists would fain believe.

Another Version of a Nursery Classic

The following contrast, quoted from the London *Spectator,* is amusing. The more scintillating version is supposed to have been the work of a Harrow boy, many years ago.

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific,
Fain would I fathom your nature specific,
Loftily poised in the ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

When torrid Phœbus removeth his presence,
Ceasing to lamp us with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal,
Scintillate, scintillate, sempi-nocturnal.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star.
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
And he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light—
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

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The victim of lustreless peregrination	Then the traveller in the dark
Gratefully hails your minute coruscation.	Thanks you for your tiny spark.
He could not determine his journey's direction	He could not tell which way to go
But for your scintillitative protection."	If you did not twinkle so."

Bills, Clean and Unclean

So many filthy bills are in circulation, that some measures should be taken promptly to remedy an insanitary and dangerous condition. Some of the local banks in the State are particularly careless in this connection and seem to resent the natural desire of a customer for clean money. It would be perfectly easy for them to remove from circulation all the bills that carry with them indisputable evidence that they have given longer service, as tainted paper, than is good for the community.

Yet even some of our metropolitan banks are far from impeccable, and far from sensible, in their attitude toward the condition of the bills that they keep in circulation. The present writer remembers being told by an impudent and ignorant cashier that he would one day repent his penchant for entirely clean bills, when he found that he had inadvertently paid away two tens, where one would have sufficed: for new bills have a habit of adhering to one another rather closely. The rejoinder that such a dire calamity would not be too great a price to pay for the privilege of reasonable cleanliness was not entirely appreciated. But there are some cashiers who are as particular as their most exacting customers; and this peculiarity, as a commercial and national asset, should be fittingly recorded in letters of gold at the entrance to the establishments which such men adorn. Indeed, the domestic, social, political, theological, mental and moral characteristics of a cashier may be deduced with confidence from his habits with regard to paying out new or unclean bills.

The Knowledge of the Very Ignorant

Providence in its wisdom has decreed that some men shall know much, and some men shall know more, and some men shall

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know less. But the most amusing of all men are those who know the least, but believe, in the language of slang, that they know it all. Some of us have met the village ignoramus, expounding the real principles of the Governor's latest, or next, action; dwelling reconditely upon the initial causes and ultimate conclusion of the Great War; explaining what Roosevelt actually means to the community, and why weakfish are not biting. It is good for him to take an interest in public affairs and to develop that interest: but it is not good for him to imagine that he knows everything about all things.

Similarly, the grocer's clerk who can perform elementary feats in arithmetic with some facility, will cheerfully assume that he has compassed the alpha and omega of mathematics, and that nothing remains undiscovered or discoverable. If a mild degree of malicious curiosity moves you to mention such a detail as the binomial theorem, he is not moved. The differential calculus still leaves him cold, and spherical trigonometry is mere pettiness to his assurance.

So with the scientist and the philosopher. They have learnt a little, vaguely; perhaps they have some glimmering of other knowledge still available. But the less they really know, the more they seem to imagine that they have scaled the higher heights unscaled by other men.

Perhaps Providence, in its inscrutable wisdom, has tempered the wind to lambs shorn of opportunity, so that the fool or the laggard may count himself the equal of a Darwin and a Kant. Verily, the fool, if he would confine himself to the wisdom of small things within the range of his understanding, might be justified entirely. But the ripeness and humility of the scholar seem finer than the conceit of the very ignorant.

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